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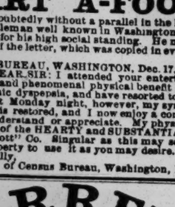
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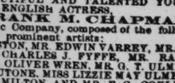
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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1881. | VOLUME XXVIII.—No. 42. Price Ten Cents.

THE WORLD STILL GOOD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I thought me in the Winter drear,
When Death's grim form above me bent:
Ah, let me live till Spring is here,
And I will die content!

But when the flowers bloomed, and when
A balmy fragrance filled the air,
I prayed that I might once again
Behold the Summer fair.

The Summer waned. Then best of all
The Autumn seemed, with hazy sky;
Oh, let me live till red leaves fall—
'Twere fittest then to die!

About me now the withered leaves
Are blown by chill November's breath;
Yet still the soul within me clings
To earth, and shrinks from death.

So, whether in the Winter drear,
Or under Summer's softer sky,
The world still seems too dear, too dear,
To make it good to die!

M. C.

ONE NIGHT'S CRIME;

OR,

A FATAL PASSION.

(LA FILLE MAUDITE.)

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE RICHEBOURG, FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY DUDLEY WINTHROP MOORE.

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PART THE SECOND.—OLD MARDOCHE.

CHAPTER X.—THE STONE DOGS.

It is said that there is a god for drunkards; it can also be said that there is one for lovers. So the ancients believed when they erected temples to Venus. At all events, two days after the fair at Gray—that is to say, Saturday—Edmund, roaming at random, arrived at Saint Irun about two o'clock in the afternoon, unwittingly drawing nearer to Blanche, whom he did not expect to see again.

He had left Greluche at Gray, occupied in superintending the construction of a new puppet theatre which could be easily carried from place to place.

Following the advice of the conductor of the stage-coach in which he had ridden part of the way, Edmund alighted before an inn. On the front of the building, which had been newly whitewashed, he read these words in large black letters: "Bertaux, Innkeeper. Lodgings and Stabling." The same words were to be seen on one side of a signboard suspended from a *gibbet*. On the other side some rural artist had painted, to the best of his ability, and with more good-will than talent, two white dogs. The young man approached the door of the inn, on the threshold of which stood a man, cap in hand, who seemed to bid him welcome. But suddenly Edmund started and stopped short, with his eyes wide open, fixed on two large stone dogs couchant on either side of the steps one had to ascend in order to enter the public-house. His face expressed at once surprise and stupefaction. He raised both hands to his forehead, endeavoring to elucidate a vague and confused reminiscence. Although he was unable to recall anything distinctly, he felt sure that this was not the first time he saw these two animals, which proudly raised their heads and appeared to look at him. His mind worked rapidly, and he concluded that in his childhood he had come to Saint Irun with his mother. A sad smile quivered on his lips; then, throwing back his head, he nimbly mounted the stone steps and entered the inn.

"Monsieur wishes to breakfast?" said the innkeeper to him. "What shall I serve him up?"

"Nothing at present," replied Edmund. "Are you the landlord?"

"Yes, monsieur. My name is Bertaux, like my uncle's, monsieur—an honest man, whose successor I am."

"Very well, Mons. Bertaux; if you can spare me a minute or two I should like to have a talk with you."

"I am at your service," said the innkeeper cheerfully.

They passed into a little room that served as an office.

"Monsieur, I am ready to listen to you," resumed Bertaux, indicating an armchair to his guest, and taking a seat himself.

"You told me just now that you succeeded to Mons. Bertaux, your uncle. Was it long ago?"

"Yes, monsieur, about fifteen years."

"In that case, you may be able to reply to my questions concerning a fact of great interest to me. Now, then, stir up your memory well, and see if you can recollect having lodged a woman and child here thirteen years ago last December."

"We lodge a great many travelers here," said the landlord, smiling. "But, wait—it seems to me I do recollect it. It was in the month of December—yes, that's it, in December; a young woman and a child that might have been five or six years old. She left the hotel at night. It was pitch dark and bitter cold. I tried to prevent her, but to no purpose; she went all the same. Oh! now I recollect it very well. The child—a boy, a perfect little devil—rode horseback on the stone dogs before the entrance. I had to get vexed before I could make him stop it, for I was afraid he would fall and break his neck."

Edmund listened eagerly, with increasing emotion.

"Did they remain with you long?" he queried.

"No, four or five days—I don't know exactly. The lady had hired a room on the first floor—the one directly overhead."

"Is the room unoccupied?"

"Yes, for the moment."

"As it is my intention to spend a few weeks at Saint Irun, I should like to hire that room of you, Mons. Bertaux, for a month."

"I can offer you a much more comfortable one."

"No, no, I wish that one."

"Very well, I understand; you know the lady in question."

The young man heaved a sigh.

"Alas!" he said dolefully, "I knew her indeed—but too little. I will not make a mystery of it to you, Mons. Bertaux; I was that child, the little devil who rode horseback on your stone dog at the risk of breaking his neck."

"What! you?" exclaimed the astonished innkeeper. "Well, well, now that I look at you closely, it seems to me that I recognize you."

The young man smiled.

"Which proves that you are not only a good physiognomist, but that you have also an excellent memory," he said. "Perhaps you are about to tell me that I resemble my mother."

Bertaux scratched the end of his nose.

"Yes, perhaps there is some resemblance between the two," he replied, half aloud, thinking to gratify the young man by this rather evasive answer.

"Then you can recall my mother's features?" pursued Edmund in a quivering voice.

"Bless me, I couldn't say exactly, it was so long ago; and, besides, we see new faces here every day. Nevertheless, I recollect she had beautiful black hair, like yours. She was pale, slim, and so sad—wait a moment; it seems to me I see her again. Tall; proud, clear, penetrating eyes; pale lips, that never smiled; added to that, a sweet, very soft voice—no, I can't say that you look precisely like your mother; but she was a beautiful woman, monsieur—a very beautiful woman."

The young man was deeply agitated; large tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Mons. Bertaux," he resumed, "my questions must seem very singular to you, and yet you answer them without even appearing surprised; I thank you for it sincerely. It proves to me that you are a worthy and honest man, and that you deserve my confidence. A short while after my mother's stay here—the next day, perhaps—I had the misfortune to lose her."

"Poor young man!" murmured the innkeeper compassionately.

"A worthy man found me on the road a few leagues from here. He rescued me and brought me up——"

"And that happened in December?" broke in Bertaux.

"Yes, in the middle of the night, during a raging snowstorm."

"Ah! I see it all! I was right in not wishing to let her go. Poor, unfortunate woman, I had a presentiment of what occurred!"

"And what makes the affair all the more harrowing to me, Mons. Bertaux, is that I do not know what name my mother bore; I am now in quest of my family, of my unknown relatives; some of them must be living. So judge of what importance any information you might give would be to me."

"True; but, unfortunately, I know nothing."

"Then you cannot recall my mother's name?"

"No."

"But it must be written in one of your old books, in some register."

"That's a matter of form one often neglects; moreover, my books of that period have been out of existence for some time past."

"Do you not think she belonged to the neighborhood of Saint Irun?"

"I couldn't say; but I have an impression that she came here from a long distance."

"From a long distance?" repeated Edmund. "That's strange. To have undertaken this journey with me, in Winter, she must have been forced to it."

He thought of the rolls of gold found by Greluche, and he said to himself in a whisper:

"Poor mother! She had come to this part of the country in quest of this sum, which was in all probability an inheritance."

Then, addressing the landlord again:

"She did not tell you the object of her journey?"

"No, monsieur, no. You see, your mother was not at all communicative; she did not tell her affairs to everybody. But wait—I recollect something else. One or two days after her arrival here, a man came to see her."

This bit of intelligence shed a ray of light on the young man's confused memory.

"Yes, yes," he cried; "I recollect, a man came to see my mother! He took me in his arms, kissed me tenderly, and wept; she wept, too."

He rose quickly and took a turn about the room, with his head in his hands.

"Nothing," he went on in a broken voice; "I seek, I seek, and find nothing; I can't recollect! The light has gone, leaving me once more in darkness."

He let himself drop into his chair, with extreme dejection. A few moments later he resumed:

"But this man Mons. Bertaux, this man—you saw him—you must know him?"

"No; he was a peasant, a total stranger to me, as far as I can recollect."

"Perhaps he also came from a long distance?"

"No, I doubt it; I think he belonged to our country, and even to the canton of Saint Irun. But as I had been here only a short time, I didn't know many of the people yet."

"And have you never seen him since?"

"I can't say whether I have or not. I may have met him without recognizing him. All our peasants resemble each other—take one, take twenty; the same dress, more or less robust, more or less thin, bony, and broad-shouldered, it's always the same man."

Edmund remained silent a moment, with bowed head, his eyes wet with tears. Sad were the thoughts that beset him. Every time he fancied he had a clue it slipped from him, and he experienced a fresh and cruel deception. In the face of the unknown he beheld insurmountable difficulties rise before him, and he asked himself with terror what his destiny was to be, and whether, like his unfortunate mother, he would not succumb under the blow of fatality before attaining his end.

He raised his head and looked mournfully at the innkeeper.

"You are not satisfied," said the latter.

"True; but I am none the less grateful to you, Mons. Bertaux. You have spoken to me about my mother; you have told me she was beautiful and had a sweet voice. I infer, therefore, that she loved me—and that's a good deal, my friend. Thanks, thanks."

"I regret that I cannot give you better information."

"I have but one more question to ask you. But it's of no use; you cannot answer me."

"Try me. Don't lose heart," said the good landlord kindly.

"Do you know where my mother intended to go when she left here?"

"Possibly back to the country where she lived."

"Be it so; but it is hard to understand why she departed at night and on foot."

"Aye; for she could just as well have waited till the morrow and taken the early stage-coach from Vesoul or Gray. I suppose she had to see some one at Fremicourt."

"Fremicourt?"

"Yes. Moreover, I recollect that, when on the point of setting out, she begged me to direct her to that parish."

"Fremicourt," repeated Edmund; "is it far from Saint Irun?"

"About two leagues."

"This may be very precious information, Mons. Bertaux. I shall go to Fremicourt tomorrow."

CHAPTER XI.—HIS LUCKY STAR.

In order to please his host, whose friend he had already become, Edmund made an attempt to eat a little. He then took possession of his room. He did not recognize it; but his imagination had no difficulty in filling it with reminiscences dear to his heart.

He saw his mother there once more, pale, emaciated and sad, but beautiful, very beautiful—such as the innkeeper had just depicted her to him; and also the strange man who had come to see her, and who—he recollected it much better now—had held him on his knee and embraced him long and tenderly. Who was this man? What would he not give to know! It occurred to him that it might be his father. A bitter smile curled his lip. His father! Was he about to let this new idea throw him still further into the dark?

"All around me," he said to himself, "is obscurity and mystery—an impenetrable veil that hides everything from my eyes. If I look back, darkness; if I look forward, still thicker darkness—everywhere nothing. What am I? Nothing; and I can be nothing. Chance threw the lost child into the world, to make him a mockery of humanity! My childhood was without a smile, my youth is without joy, without pleasure, and thus will I grow old, if I am to live. But who, then, will show me the path I must follow? Who, then, will give me light?" he cried, with fierce energy.

Suddenly, his features became animated, his eyes sparkled. Before him seemed to pass a light, sylph-like form, surrounded by dazzling rays. Adorable vision! A lovely mouth smiled upon him, two pretty blue eyes looked at him softly, and he heard a sweet, melodious voice whisper in his ear:

"The bounteous Creator never forsakes the afflicted."

He pronounced Blanche's name in an undertone. It was but a mirage of the eyes, an illusion of the mind; but so little is needed at times to comfort a sinking heart.

He had caught but a glimpse of this young girl, who appeared to him like the fairy of hope, yet her image was already engraven in his heart, and his mind dwelt upon her seriously. Something told him that they were not separated forever; that he would see her again, and that she was destined to play an important part in his life.

About eleven o'clock the next day he arrived at Fremicourt, intending to traverse this village where his mother must have stopped before continuing on her way in the blinding storm of that frightful night, the recollection of which recurred to him now incessantly.

He followed the main street, which was almost entirely deserted, until he reached a little square shaded by lime-trees in bloom. He stood before a church. The sonorous voice of the organ, with which were mingled those of the choir, struck his ear.

"I forgot that to-day is Sunday," he soliloquized. Then he understood why the village had appeared so deserted. All were attending mass.

He entered the church. He saw the priest at the altar, the bowed heads of the faithful worshipers—an imposing sight in its touching simplicity, and which reminded him of the grandeur and omnipotence of God—and he felt that he also had need of prayer; so he knelt upon a bench and began to pray fervently, thinking of his mother, of his unknown family, of his past, of his uncertain future.

A mysterious voice—the same soft and charming voice that he had heard at Gray in the room at the inn—seemed to call to him again: "Take courage, and hope!"

"Oh, yes," he murmured, rising—"yes, I will have faith, I will take courage and hope."

"Who has not faith never hopes," said a grave voice behind him.

He turned quickly, and found himself face to face with an old man with long white hair and long gray beard, holding in his hand an enormous bouquet of honeysuckle and jessamine.

"It does one good to pray sometimes," said the old man to him.

"When prayer comforts one," replied the young man.

The priest turned to the congregation and began to chant: "Ite, missa est."

The old man and Edmund left the church together. They exchanged a bow, and the latter moved off a few steps to see the people come out. Suddenly he uttered a cry of surprise and joy. He had just seen the radiant face of a young girl in the doorway of the church. It was she—Blanche, his fairy of hope! Oh, this time it was not a vision, but a reality, a charming reality, that presented itself to his astonished eyes. Everything about him seemed resplendent.

"How beautiful she is!" he murmured. And he remained motionless, with his sparkling eyes fixed on the young girl. It was a delightful sight, that fascinated and intoxicated his palpitating heart. Accompanied by one of the farm-maids, Blanche advanced slowly, replying with little inclinations of her pretty head to the greetings and smiles addressed to her on all sides. She held her prayer-book in her gloved hand and appeared very pensive; but the very seriousness of her lovely face added another charm to it. The Seuillon carriage awaited a few steps off, its driver, a farm-hand, standing by the horse's head. The young girl approached it. Not until then did Edmund attempt to move. He started forward, as if to address her. At that moment Blanche stopped to take the bouquet which Mardoche offered her.

"Thanks, my good Mardoche," she said to him, smiling sweetly. You never get tired of giving me flowers."

"Because you love them," replied the old man, with emotion, "and it's all a poor mortal like me can offer you."

"Are you not coming to Seuillon to-day?"

"I'll surely be there, mademoiselle; but I came as far as here to enjoy the pleasure of seeing you leave the church."

"Very well, Mardoche; Seraphine will lay a knife and fork for you."

She raised her head, and, espying Edmund, who was eyeing her intently, started and colored deeply.

The young man approached her. Mardoche stepped back, with surprise.

"Mademoiselle," said Edmund in a faltering tone, "I did not expect to have the pleasure of seeing you again so soon. It was certainly my lucky star that brought me here."

"So you believe now there is really a lucky star for you?" replied the young girl, whose heart was throbbing fast.

"Yes," he rejoined, "and it is you who have shown it to me. Your gentle words entered my heart like a balm, and filled it with hope! Do you remember what you said to me, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, and I repeat it: 'The bounteous Creator never forsakes the afflicted.' *Au revoir*, monsieur."

"*Au revoir!* That's another kind word. Yes, *au revoir*. May we meet again before long."

He made a low bow, and the young girl hurried to the carriage, in which she took a place beside the maid. The driver climbed nimbly upon his seat, seized the reins, cracked his whip, and the horse started off at a brisk trot.

Blanche only had time to turn around and exchange one more glance with Edmund, who stood motionless where she had left him. The next instant the carriage passed out of sight around a bend in the road.

The young man was losing himself in a reverie, when he felt a hand press heavily upon his shoulder, and, turning sharply, he found Mardoche before him. The old man seemed to devour him with his eyes.

"Let us move off a little," said Mardoche. "I have something to say to you, and do not wish to be overheard."

Although very much perplexed, Edmund followed him unhesitatingly and in silence.

When they were far enough from the persons conversing on the square, Mardoche stopped. Edmund questioned him with his eyes.

"Young man," said Mardoche, "you were speaking a moment ago of the lucky star that brought you here. Was it really your lucky star? I am inclined to believe that it was your unlucky one."

"What do you mean?" cried Edmund, astonished and uneasy.

"That you must make haste to leave this country, never to return."

"I do not understand you."

"Believe me, I tell you this in your own interest."

"I have no reason to doubt it. But it seems to me that an explanation is necessary."

"Will you answer me frankly?"

"Certainly, for I have nothing to conceal."

"Do you know the young girl you spoke to just now?"

"Most assuredly; otherwise I should not have addressed her."

"How long have you known her?"

"For three days. We met last Thursday at Gray."

Mardoche seemed greatly annoyed.

"Do you know her name?" he resumed.

"Yes, Blanche."

"Blanche is her Christian name; but the other?"

"Not yet."

"Well, then, I'll tell it you. Blanche, also known as the Damsel of Seuillon, is the only daughter of Mons. Jacques Mellier, one of the richest landowners in the canton, perhaps in the arondissement. Your glances, the expression of your face, have told me a secret which you thought was well concealed—you love Mlle. Blanche."

Edmund could not dissemble his agitation.

"Oh! I am not surprised at it," Mardoche went on. "No one can see her without loving her; the very sound of her voice fills one with joy. But listen to this, young man. For several reasons, unknown to me, but which nevertheless exist, no one is permitted to court Mlle. Blanche Mellier. Do you imagine she lacks lovers? No, indeed! I could not tell you how many times already her hand has been sought in marriage; but all who have tried to get round her by pretty little courtships have been coldly shown out for their pains. I think I've told you enough to make you see that you do wrong to love Mlle. Blanche."

Edmund was too stupefied to say a word.

"You belong to the city," pursued Mardoche. "Well, monsieur, you may believe me, the air of this country is not good for you." Then adding in a gloomy voice: "Yes, this country is fatal to young men such as you, who come from a distance, believing in their lucky stars, and forgetting themselves so far as to admire whatever pretty girl they meet by the way. At your age one is not experienced in the things of life, and I thought that an old man had a right to give you advice. Now I have nothing more to say to you; I leave you. Adieu, monsieur."

And he went away, leaving the young man stunned and endeavoring to catch the enigmatical sense of the strange speech he had just heard.

"A very singular fellow!" he murmured. "What does his warning mean, and for what motive did he give it to me? Ah! how well he read my heart! Yes, I love her, I love her! and I should go away, go far from here, the moment the ray of light I have looked for so long begins to shine upon me? No, no—impossible! Something more powerful than my will is pushing me on—I shall go to the very end."

CHAPTER XII.—ROUVENAT IS DISPLEASED.

When the carriage that had gone to the church for Blanche entered the courtyard of the farm-house, Francois Parisel, who was watching for the young girl's return, hastened forward to offer her his hand and assist her to alight. But Blanche anticipated him by jumping quickly to the ground.

"Another time, cousin," she said, laughing.

Handsome Francois bit his lips spitefully. Albeit there was an air of satisfaction about him that struck the young girl. Young Parisel was a tall fellow, twenty-eight years of age, and Herculean in build; but that did not sufficiently justify the qualification "handsome," which the country folk tacked to his name. He owed it rather to his foppishness, affected manners, and to the self-importance which he thought it his duty to assume.

Blanche then went indoors, confided her bouquet to the maid, threw her prayer-book and bonnet upon a chair, and then ran out to the garden, where she had seen Rouvenat walking to and fro, smoking his pipe.

"I have come to thank you for sending for me," she said, holding up her forehead to be kissed. "But you spoil me too much, really. We could have returned on foot very well, by such magnificent weather."

"Bah!" he said, smiling; "you came back quicker. Besides, you have on light shoes, and the pebble-stones on the road are too hard for your little feet."

The young girl gave one of her bewitching smiles, and, passing her arm through Rouvenat's, replied:

"And that caused me to forget several purchases I had to make at Fremicourt."

"You can make them another day. Nothing prevents your going to the village to-morrow."

"With such light shoes on?" she said, jesting affectionately.

"Certainly, if you *will* do it in spite of me."

"Godfather, it seems to me your mind is preoccupied. You are not as gay as usual. Are you vexed?"

"Yes."

"And why, pray?"

"My head is filled with ideas, crotchets——"

"Your recollections—that's what makes you sad."

"Yes, and other things."

"Ah!"

"In the first place, you have not been the same girl, Blanche, since the fair at Gray. I find you pensive, agitated, uneasy."

The young girl started.

"I have sought in vain for an explanation of this great change," continued Rouvenat. "You see, little one, when you are in question everything either delights or frightens me."

"But, I assure you, godfather, I have never been so happy as I am now."

"I believe it. Moreover, there is nothing you can wish for, nothing you can long for. Yet there are moments when I imagine you do not enjoy yourself at the farm, and are sick and tired of it."

"Oh! that is not true—I assure you it is not," she replied animatedly, while tears glistened on her eyelashes. "Oh! as you just said, there is nothing I can wish for, nothing I can long for."

Blanche might have told quite the contrary; but she felt that the moment to confide her secret thoughts to Rouvenat had not yet come.

"There," she went on in a quivering accent, "let us talk about it no more. I have my father's affection and yours, and I love you both dearly."

"Dear child," thought Rouvenat, "may she remain so for a long, long time to come!"

And then aloud, knitting his heavy brows: "But that is not all. Mons. Joseph Parisel arrived at Seuillon one hour ago. Every time I see that man's face—I don't know what takes place in me—my blood boils in my veins and rage rushes to my brain. There, little one, that's the principal cause of the vexation, the bad humor you found me in just now."

"And now I understand Francois' joyful air," said Blanche. "He is so glad to see his father."

"Father and son! I hate one as much as I do the other," grumbled Pierre.

"Yet they have never done you any harm, godfather?"

"Be it so; but I have a presentiment that they will be fatal to us, that they will cause some misfortune here."

"How a good man like you can have such thoughts?"

"I don't exactly understand it myself; but I can't help it, little one; I have the scent of a watch-dog, I smell the wolf coming. Parisel, with his cunning ways, his hypocritical smile, and his lynx-like eyes, has the face of a consummate knave."

"Oh!"

"It is as I have said; it will be seen later whether I have judged wrong. Meanwhile, nothing will rid my head of the idea that this cousin of Jacques Mellier's has already practiced more bad tricks than good deeds. Fortunately, I am here."

"Truly, godfather, you have a dreadful attack of the blues to-day; everything takes the blackest shape before your eyes."

"Except you, little one," he replied quickly, looking at her with ineffable fondness.

At that moment a servant came to inform them that dinner was ready. On entering the dining-room they found Mellier and the Parisels already there. Handsome Francois usually took his meals with the other servants; Rouvenat wished it thus, in order, he said, to avoid all jealousy. He would not admit that Francois could be aught but a farm-hand in the house; and it was only when his father visited Seuillon that the young man was allowed to sit at the master's table.

"Ah, at last, there is my pretty little cousin!" cried Parisel senior in the sweetest of accents. "Pon my honor, I find her prettier than ever!"

He took the young girl in his arms without ceremony, and kissed her on both cheeks. Francois looked askance at him, thinking, no doubt, that his father enjoyed an agreeable privilege, which he himself would fain imitate. As for Rouvenat, he had turned towards the window to hide his displeasure.

They sat down to table. The repast was by no means a silent one, thanks to Parisel senior, who, thrown into high spirits by an excellent Burgundy, said everything that came into his head—a parcel of nonsense, without even suspecting it. However, all this rustic loquacity did not enliven Blanche, who did not understand it, or Mellier, or Rouvenat. Francois alone did his father the honor of approving, by wriggling on his chair as if about to suffocate for joy.

At one time, nudging Mellier in the ribs, Parisel senior said to him, casting a sly glance at Rouvenat:

"Do look at Blanche and Francois, cousin; don't they make a pretty couple? He is twenty-eight, she nineteen." And he began to laugh idiotically.

Rouvenat's eyes flashed; but he maintained a calm exterior, contenting himself with shrugging his shoulders disdainfully.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"IF JONAS undertakes to pull my ears," said a loud-mouthed fellow on a street-corner, "he will just have his hands full." The crowd looked at the man's ears and smiled.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "THE BLACK VENUS."

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I am sitting by the fireside in a cosy little parlor;
Outside the wind is whistling and the rain is pouring down;
Thinking of friends long parted, the gay and light-hearted—
Of some who've gone the downward path and others gained renown.

Gazing on the fire, while the coals are burning brightly,
Strange pictures pass before me, as in panoramic view—
Now a field of browning cattle, or the dash and clash of battle;
Again, some storied landscape in the Old World or the [New.

On a height above a river stands an ancient fort or castle—
Perhaps a kingly palace, or some old baronial hall;
In a twinkling something crashes, and, amid a shower of ashes,
Down come river and palace, castle, fort and all.

A noble ship is sailing o'er Old Ocean's heaving bosom—
All sail is set, and gallantly she rides upon the wave;
Soon upon a rock she dashes—the sea with fury lashes,
And all on board the gallant craft soon find a watery grave.

An aged, weary traveler is plodding on the highway,
His tottering step and wasted form proclaim he's near his end;
In a great and Christian city men for him have no pity,
So he dies from cold and hunger, without a home or friend.

Now the coals are darkening, and from out a splendid mansion
The strains of merry music fall upon the listener's ear;
They know no care or sorrow, nor think they of the morrow—
They are dancing out the old and welcoming new year.

And thus I sit and ponder o'er the ever-changing visions
That before me pass and repass, and never seem to tire;
And I think of friends long parted, gay and light-hearted,
And of others false and hollow, as the pictures in the fire.

VENRAS.

Hartford, Ct., December, 1880.

HOW HE MADE IT PAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The "Horned Toad Saloon" was in full blast; the shekels were pouring in in a generous sort of way. So thought the worthy host. Tonight have been the seemly hour of eight as a tall, slim young man, with straight hair of the cardinal order, meandered up to the bar. In his hand he carried a valise, which might have seen hard times in following the fortunes of its owner. He simply uttered the word "Dice!" to the follower of Bacchus, who immediately handed him out the required article. First, he took it in his right hand and threw three sixes; then, reversing it to his left hand, he threw four deuces. Again he threw with his left hand, and brought out five fours; then, changing it to his right again, only managed to get two pair.

"Left again," he sadly remarked, and sat down near the stove and seemed lost in deep thought.

"Look a-here, young fellow, that aint the way we do business in this here shebang. When a man calls for dice in the Horned Toad Saloon we expect him to rinse his mouth out; and don't you forgit it, nuther," said the compounder of drinks.

The melancholy youth raised his brilliant head.

"I always do that to see whether I imbibe or not. If my right hand wins, I drink; but if my left hand wins, I don't drink. That's the reason I didn't *smile* when I came in," he said, by way of explanation; "but I forswear the habit for once, and will shake you for the poison."

The bartender speedily vanquished his opponent, and the aqua vitæ—or, in simpler and more expressive words, the tangle-foot—was produced, and they both smiled. The strange youth proffered as payment a silver dollar, the peculiarity of this coin being that it was cut in two parts, just as slick and nice as if it had been an apple. The bartender eyed it strangely for a moment, and then said:

"Say, pard, do you see see anything green about me? If you do, you are terribly deceived; we don't take any mutilated coins here; so pony up the dust."

The young man carefully took out of his satchel a mysterious-looking little box filled with some kind of paste, took a portion of it betwen his fingers, and, spreading it on the two halves, pressed them together lightly for a few moments, the patrons of the Horned Toad meanwhile looking curiously on; and lo! the two parts became firmly united, and for all purposes the dollar was as good as ever.

"Now, gentlemen, before I go any further I wish to dispose of a few boxes of Le Beau's Persian Cement, one of the greatest discoveries of this sensational age. If you are broke it will set you right again; with it you can mend anything, from a wine-glass to a piano. See the beautiful sentiment expressed in those few lines, from the bowing bowl, as it were, to those melodious strains that stir the very soul. Now, gents, I do not wish to introduce any sleight of oratory nor be considered impecunious, for, had I the eloquence of an Ingersoll, I could not expound to you all of its wonderful virtues; but when I say to you, gentlemen, that this is *cements* thing, and the greatest of all the sticks, I know you will believe me. Here it is—only a quarter of a dollar a box; every box contains the genuine stuff, and no adulteration."

He disposed of a dozen boxes in an incredibly short space of time, and prepared to take his departure. First taking up his silver dollar, and in its place leaving two dimes, he went slowly out, muttering to himself:

"Starch, ten cents per pound; ten boxes of the cement to the pound, one cent a box; one dozen boxes, at twenty-five cents each, come to three dollars, less twelve cents and two drinks twenty cents, leaving a net profit of two dollars and sixty-eight cents. If I make fifteen dollars per day, and work three hundred days in a year, why, it will be no time before I can go to Congress. In the words of Col. Mulberry Sellers, 'There's millions in it!'"

W. F. G.

THINGS FUNNY TO SEE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY BART SMITH.

"If we tread on you, don't bite."

An actor dyeing his duster during a cold "snap."

A Western drama in which the villain was not a satin-dressed, slashed-pants Mexican or Spaniard.

An American actor "take" in "Merrie Hold Hengland."

The "Big Four" with Abbott in "Romeo and Juliet."

A programmer who doesn't own the show.

An actor who is *not* playing for fame—only money.

An amateur dramatic club doing a circus performance (just as easy as some plays they tackle).

A trapeze performer who isn't sometimes up in the world, though *down* in luck.

A jig or clog that was not learned from stereotyped plates.

A ham who will acknowledge that he ought to be canvassed thoroughly.

A female balloonist who is not *fly*.

Lotta doing a serio-comic tarn.

Ben Butler playing Othello.

C. B. Bishop and Tanner doing a song-and-dance.

The true value of an actor's jewelry.

An actress who has anything to wear.

"THE BLACK VENUS."

The engraving on our first page represents some of the salient features of the spectacle of "The Black Venus," by Adolphe Belot, which was originally produced in the Theatre du Chatelet, Paris, France, Sept. 13, 1879, and is shortly to be produced in Niblo's Garden, this city, by the Kiralfy Brothers. As the action of the drama takes place principally in Africa, there is wide scope for scenic display, and there is a grand battle-scene between mounted amazons of the court of the Black Venus and some Frenchmen, aided by a friendly tribe of negroes, which is highly effective. A caravan, introducing a large number of African animals, was a feature of the French production. The Kiralfys have purchased the sole right of representation of this spectacle throughout the United States and Canada from the author, who, writing under date of Nov. 24, 1880, says: "To conform to your wishes and remain true to our contract, I have not yet printed the drama." This gives to the Kiralfys a common-law right in the property, which the courts of this State have hitherto recognized.

BLIFFKINS has a French servant-girl of whom he is very proud. He says he never lets such a girl as Nancy, and says that things would go to Rouen if he didn't Havre in his house. He has just given her a Nice Marseilles dress, a pair of Lisle gloves, and several Rheims of note-paper. It fills his Brest with pain to think of parting with her, as she has been in his family Toulon Toulouse.

AN EXCITING SWIMMING-MATCH took place on the Mississippi River, above New Orleans, recently, for a wager. The report of the event at the finish is thus given: "None of them seemed to be putting forth much effort till it was discovered that an alligator had struck out from the shore as a competitor, and then—well, every man did his best to keep the alligator from carrying off the stakes."

A YOUNG MISS having accepted the offer of a youth to gallant her home, afterwards fearing that jokes might be cracked at her expense if the fact should become public, dismissed him when about half way, enjoining his secrecy. "Don't be afraid," said he, "of my saying anything about it, for I feel as much ashamed of it as you do."

SLOW.—Some men are so awful slow that the only time they get ahead is when they buy cabbage.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1881.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

[For answers to amusement questions, see first page of "Theatrical Record."]

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

N. S. D. P., Washington.—If the wager rests upon the arguments or the positions you have defined, it is a draw, as neither party is wholly right. If it rests upon our decision as to whether or not the play constituted a revoke, then C loses. It often happens with lone hands, which are commonly played quickly, that he who goes alone does not turn down his tricks; but he has necessarily to quit them, and in this case there was a revoke as soon as B led again. That lead quitted the preceding trick. At any time before that lead, he who had played the wrong suit could have corrected it, provided the cards remained face up. Turning down would have prevented rectification as completely as leading did.

J. C., Village House.—C was entitled to two points. At regular euchre, when one player has announced a lone hand, no other can go against him and gain anything by it. C might as well have had his partner with him. Four points are granted at regular euchre not because a man make five tricks against five cards, but because he makes them against ten, which is much more difficult to do. There is a monstrous euchre in which C could have asked for his partner's best card, gone alone against B, and scored four if he had made three tricks; but there is no pretense that B and C were playing this funny game.

W. A. L., New Orleans.—The design of the conundrum "Brothers and sisters I have none, but that man's father is my father's son," is that it shall be construed as meaning that the speaker was the father of the one spoken of. Literally, however, it would fill the bill, and thus spoil the conundrum, to answer that the speaker was the uncle of the one spoken of; for it is no reason because a man has not a brother or sister that he has not had one and that one or the other before dying was not the parent of some male still living.

R. J. R., Brooklyn.—We do not answer "Yes" or "No," or in any other way as requested. All such societies, and in fact every body of men possessing an organization, are a law unto themselves. Some adopt Cushing's Manual, and others Jefferson's, and others that of somebody else, and nearly all of them have constitutions and bylaws that contain something that is in conflict with one or more of those manuals or with parliamentary usage. It is therefore obvious that no one can give a justifiable decision but one who is familiar with the society and its laws.

J. R.—"After six o'clock" had to mean between six and seven o'clock next succeeding, B not having specified that it should be some day next year or in the next century. Whether he had named "after six o'clock" on no specified day or had named no time at all, he could not evade the performance he had voluntarily imposed upon himself, and which he could be required to undertake within a reasonable time. A gave him his own time when he gave him until the next night.

R. F. G., Baltimore.—The rule of the fifteen-ball pool championship is that a player can count the whole fifteen balls pocketed on one stroke, provided that before he made the stroke he named a given ball. It is a rule, however, that does not apply to anything else than the contests for the pool championship, which, by the way, are younger than the call-game. At the latter no pocketed ball counts but the one called. The very idea of the call-game is to prevent scoring, or fluking, as far as possible.

L. S., Marlboro.—1. Not having a ten in his hand, he could not make a pile of ten to assist his partner, according to the rules, which are to be the same the way in "American Hoyle," if that is what you mean by "Hoyle;" but now it recommends that players had better agree beforehand upon the matter, as if it had not attempted to make no new rule at all. 2. See answers in amusement columns.

A BELIEVER IN THE CLIPPER, Camp Point.—You could put an ace from your hand onto a three and a two on the table and call the pile six, provided you had a six in your hand; or you could put together ace, deuce and trey on the table, and take them with a six. But if your opponent had made a pile of five with the deuce and the trey, you could not add an ace from the table and make the pile six.

S. H. G., Portland.—The only recorded vote of Oregon that we have is 2,619 for Garfield Electors and 19,946 for Hancock Electors. It may be that the Weaver, the Dow and the Phelps ticket polled some hundreds of votes either singly or all together, thus reducing the Garfield majority; we prefer not to decide for a week or two. If this is not satisfactory, remind us of the matter.

W. S., Chicago.—Our rule is for high to win at everything, and where high is low and what the ace is highest card. Some have made it a rule for low to deal, and they make ace low in cutting and high in playing. There is no reason for this distinction. The card that is high in the game about to be played should also be high in cutting, for the sake of simplicity.

W. McK., Salem.—The Virginius was not sunk by the Spaniards while she was bearing munitions of war into Cuba. She was turned over to the Spanish authorities Dec. 16, 1873, by Spain; and it was while this Government was bringing her to a Northern port that she foundered off Cape Fear, in consequence of her having been in an unseworthy condition.

K. E., Hannibal.—Both bets are the same, and the Garfield ticket is actually the winner, as 1,001 votes is a majority when 2,000 votes are cast. That ticket had no majority in Indiana. Had the bets been that Garfield would carry Indiana by 1,000, or any majority of 1,000 over Hancock, B would have won both.

FARMER, Providence.—Don't trust to books. They will bamboozle anybody who lays farmer on the ground in their pages. Get somebody to assist you who has practical knowledge, and after a while you can dispense with the services.

IGNORANCE, Wilmington.—1. Heenan weighed 178lb and Sayers 161lb the day they fought at Farnborough. 2. Sayers's arm was broken in the 37th round. 3. Denny's position when the ring was broken in by Sayers' friends, and the stakes were subsequently drawn.

G. Dunkirk.—The game is to be determined by the vote cast for the head of the ticket, which in October in Ohio was the Secretary of State, who, for A to win, had to have 20,000 more votes than all the other candidates for the same office put together.

H. B., Beloit.—Having failed to particularize, A cannot claim that he meant New York City or New York County. In naming New York he was to be held to mean what, no doubt he intended that B should think he meant—New York State. A loses.

J. M. D., Salem.—1. The ten and the eight ball both count for the striker, who is to continue play after the fifteen ball that he returned to the table. 2. The latter is no "scratch." 3. The first jack counts. The other does not.

J. T. B., Chicago.—The bet being that Indiana would go 5,000 Republican, all that was necessary for B to win was for the Republican ticket to outpoll the next highest ticket in that State by 5,000, a majority of the whole vote was not needed.

G. P., Sweedale, Harbor.—We presume they are out of print. John Pyne, dealer in old books, 18 Nassau street, may be able to come across a copy for you, one of these days; if not, Beecher-st. You can find a sketch of him in Appleton's Cyclopedia, Vol. 5.

W., Bangor.—Draw the bet. The value of a straight should be agreed upon before beginning play. In some card circles it will beat three-of-a-kind, but we make it will beat but two-pair.

J. B., Boston.—The full proper name of "Yankee" Sullivan is stated, on the authority of reliable persons who were acquainted with his family, to have been Frank Ambrose Murray.

P. B., Providence.—He beat Tim Hussey and Jack Smith (a turn-up), and was beaten by Charles Collins, Matt Moore and Frank Harrington, and fought drawn with Hussey and Hugh Burns.

ALPHA, Brooklyn.—Col. E. M. Thornton ate one quail a day for thirty consecutive days, when keeper of a restaurant, Atlanta, Ga., in February, 1876. It was done in public.

E. S.—On Sept. 17, 1871, Andrew H. Green was appointed Deputy-comptroller by Comptroller Richard Connolly, and on the following Nov. 20, Connolly having resigned, Mayor Hall appointed Green Comptroller.

E. F. C.—Anything as to regular or single-deck pinochle we will cheerfully answer, but we take no cognizance of double or triple pinochle, which is played in too many different ways.

J. L. G., Milwaukee.—THE CLIPPER decided the matter weeks and weeks before *The Chicago Times* made that publication. The decision embodied in that publication is correct. The backer of Porter wins.

H. S., Titusville.—Hendricks Seymour has been defeated in running for the office of Governor of this State. He was beaten the last time he ran for it, and that was why Reuben E. Fenton became Governor.

F. J. S., Trenton.—The game being draw-dominoes, A did not have to play the piece that would match. He could draw all the "stones" that were left, if he chose to do so.

J. R. K., Keyport.—On the Pennsylvania Railroad, which runs pretty direct, it is seven miles from the Jersey City depot to East Newark, and the limits of Jersey City are probably a mile and a half or two miles from the depot.

GERALD WHILDEN, Easton.—"Poole's Game Scoring," which you can obtain for fifty cents from Ed James, as per advertisement, will serve your purpose.

GEORGE AND CHARLEY, Springfield.—We do not know how much was paid for her; but it was probably a good deal less than it has been published that he paid.

J. GILLIS.—We cannot give you the information asked for until after communicating with Hanlan. Write again after the latter's return to the painter's easel.

C. H. P., Humboldt.—We have not the time to bother with problems in cards. Write to those who publish such things at the head of the column.

BRISTOL HORSE, Wilkesbarre.—Having 59 to the good, while it is but 45 with three "scratches," A can claim the pool at once.

EUREKA, San Francisco.—A would lose if he had thrown 6's aces, instead of threes. Unless agreed upon, aixes beat aces, and 4-6 do not beat ace-deuce-trey, or quills.

R. H., Franklin.—1. There were sixty-five starters in the six-day race for the Rose belt in this city, commencing Dec. 22, 1879. 2. Campana covered 500 miles in 144h 30m.

SOL. Leechburg.—Arthur Chambers and Billy Edwards fought 106 rounds in 1 hour 35 minutes. The fight was given to Chambers on a claim of foul.

R. E. M., Cleveland.—The pin does not count. It would not have made any difference if the striker had played in his proper turn.

J. A. S., Syracuse.—The second and third prizes were between the two who scored 13 each, if before competition began there was no provision made to the contrary.

T. H. I.—The parties who threw 41 have no interest in the second prize, which covered 13 each, it before competition began there was no provision made to the contrary.

H. H., Philadelphia.—We cannot inform you, for the reason that the time made in professional sprint-races is frequently incorrectly stated or not reported at all.

RAILROADER, Colton.—Twenty years ago the fastest trains in this country were the express-trains on the New York and New Haven Railroad between this city and Boston.

C. L. C., San Francisco.—Major-general Rosecrans is a graduate of West Point, where he was not in the army when the Rebellion broke out. He rejoined it then, but as a volunteer.

H. S., Boston.—A loses all the bets. The Garfield ticket got no majority in Indiana, and its majority in this State was but 7,068.

WHISTLER, Providence.—As the game is not a standard one, there cannot be any standard work on it. Make rules to suit yourselves.

J. M. B., Hot Springs.—The two 45's are second and third highest throws, and their throwers can either buy and sell or throw off.

J. C. D., Booneville.—No answers as to the circulations of newspapers, and, above all, no bets decided as to such a matter.

F. S. AND F. G., Toronto.—There are no returns by which such a bet can be decided without the arbiter having to guess in large part.

ELRVIN.—The game is an abject failure. Play it over, and either make no special agreement at all, or else one that will fully meet the object you have in view.

C. S., Cincinnati.—1. The striker plays each time to take in one pile of his own before making another, if he has in his hand cards that will take both. No answers by mail.

H. W. B., Cincinnati.—1. The striker plays each time as if his ball had not gone off the table. 2. In this case the striker's hand is put out by his ball going off the table.

J. H. H., St. Louis.—Three aces are headed by deuces, deuces by poker-dice, except where it is specially agreed that aces shall be high.

C. N. C., Troy.—It is not possible for a sequence at cribbage to be greater than seven, and the cards comprising it would have to run from one to seven.

MENDON, Fordham.—The use of wet hash-head as a medicament is reported to have originated among the Indians, who applied it to reduce inflammation.

J. H. F., Boston.—The Sabby of Edward Cooper, while Mayor of this city, was twelve thousand dollars a year.

R. M., Rochester.—1. THE CLIPPER ALMANAC will be issued on Jan. 10. 2. It contains the records.

ALPHA, Georgetown.—The record remains unchanged. That of Vardenfelt will appear.

A. DORSON, Rochester.—On what track did the race mentioned take place?

J. R., Fremont.—He is willet is a bird that seldom goes far from the seashore. It passes the Winter at the South.

W. M. NEWTON, Delaware.—See records in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, which will be issued on or about Jan. 10.

S. M. C., Corry.—Your card would cost 60c. in single column; across two columns, $1.50.

LIBRARY, Baltimore.—Carl Stoltz, 347 Broome street, New York.

THOMAS J. POWER, Mauvelle.—We never heard that he visited Australia, and do not believe that he did.

W. T. V., Albany.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, to be issued about Jan. 10.

CLEMENS.—The last cards on the board being 2, 4, 5, a sweep can be made with an eight-spot.

J. S. R., Annapolis.—There is no run for either 4 when the cards lie in this order—4, 6, 4, 5, 5.

M. C. G., Burlington.—A could place the three from his hand on the three on the board and call the pile six.

H. E. C., Albany.—The ball is to remain on the table, and the shot does not count.

R. S., Newark.—"Pet" Halmedad was murdered by George Bolton on July 2, 1871.

C. R. S., Boston.—Having been ordered up, D cannot play above.

F. F., Avoca.—The play being 6, 6, 5, 7, there is a run of three for the last card.

H. R. W., Ida Grove.—We have no opinion to express as to the soundness of any such institution.

R. R. M., St. Louis.—The two 45's take first and second prizes. No answers by mail.

W. A. T., Alphabet our rule. 2. The Garfield majority in this State was but 7,068, and the backer of $2,000 loses.

R. S., East New York.—The play being 4, 2, 6, 3, 5, 2, there is no run for the last deuce.

AJAX.—The so-called fifteen puzzle is not a puzzle at all because it cannot be done.

F. E. B., Tin Cup.—Ordinarily, cassino is played twenty-one points up.

H. J. W., Leonier.—A won it. This State did not give 10,000 majority for the Garfield ticket.

T. F. M.—No. The sex of beasts at forty-fives is not a heart except when hearts are trump.

DECLINED.—"Come Into the Kitchen," "Morning," "The Hibernians," "Song."

C. G., Tarrytown.—The highest euchre-card, which is jack, wins in cutting for deal at euchre.

J. C., Austin.—Three aces beat two sixes and a five at raffles.

S. E., Mobile.—An assisted player cannot go alone at euchre.

W. H. P., Columbus.—Ten rolls constitute a game at ordinary tenpins.

PROVIDENCE.—Tom Sayers was beaten by Nat Langham.

CHISBAGH, Baltimore.—There is a run in 5, 1, 4, 3, 2.

M., Titusville.—See answer to "J. T. B., Chicago."

AL. MILLER, Helena.—We do not know the party.

S. H. M., Bangor.—See answer to W. M Newton.

IOWA.—Use sulphuric acid on blue paper.

R. G., Detroit.—He can call for a sight.

STAR LOTTA.—We have not the figures.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1881, to which we have already called attention, will make its appearance in a few days—as promptly as the work of printing and binding the very large edition required to meet advance-orders can be accomplished. We confess to some little surprise and a large degree of satisfaction in the success which has attended this annual publication. That there would be a reasonable demand for such a work, and that it would possess permanent value for a considerable class of readers we so fully believed that we did not hesitate to put our faith to the test, and thus THE ALMANAC came into being; but that our expectations fell far short of the measure of popularity which the little year-book has achieved we are free to acknowledge, although such confession may indicate a lack of acumen, not in keeping with journalistic omniscience. Since THE ALMANAC assumed the more durable and convenient book-form in which it is now issued, it has grown in public favor to what we may be pardoned for regarding as unprecedented in any similar publication. The circulation has steadily increased with each recurring issue, and the edition for 1881 will be larger than any which has preceded it. Moreover, this circulation is so widely distributed that it carries THE ALMANAC not only over the length and breadth of the United States, but through all the civilized world. The miner in California, the bushman in Australia, the herdsman in Mexico, the trapper in the Hudson Bay country—these, as surely as the muscular collegian or the professional athlete or the actor or the ball-player, turn the pages of THE CLIPPER ALMANAC to discover what has been achieved in the world of sport or to settle some disputed question as to the relative merits of rival champions. In truth, THE CLIPPER ALMANAC is truly cosmopolitan in its character. We exaggerate nothing when we say it is to be found wherever the English language is spoken, whether as the native tongue or as an acquired art.

It may be doubted whether the information which THE ALMANAC furnishes could have been obtained at all but from the present source of the year-book—THE CLIPPER. And as it is, its collation and condensation have cost an amount of labor which can only be appreciated by those who know something of this sort of work. Almanacs of all possible grades and varieties are issued in numbers known only to the junk-dealers, and the pages of some of them are enriched with a scope of wisdom reaching from pills to politics; but their statements, whether relating to the curative powers of some magic oil or the results of a Presidential election, are pretty apt to be colored by the prejudice of the compiler, who believes there is no other oil or no other party like his own. In a word, almanac literature, while presumably statistical, is very seldom accurate. Now, accuracy in dealing with those questions which come directly within the scope of THE CLIPPER is a most essential requirement. That truth we learned long ago; for, if our assertions with regard to any important event in the sporting or theatrical world were to be made with that looseness which characterizes nine-tenths of the reports in the daily newspapers, we should call down upon our heads a perpetual torrent of anathematization. Accuracy, then, is one of the distinguishing features of THE CLIPPER ALMANAC. Every record which finds a place within its pages is sifted and weighed, and, so far as possible, verified. From out a conflicting mass of rumors and reports and ex-parte statements it has been the constant aim of the compilers to get at the truth and to present facts in a concise form, uncolored by prejudice of any kind. Those general features which in previous issues have met with so favorable a reception are retained in the present volume. The brief but comprehensive history of American amusements contained in the chronological tables furnishes in itself a fund of information respecting the stage nowhere else to be found in so compact a form, and, indeed, difficult to be had in any form. From year to year this epitomized history becomes of more and more value, and by preserving THE CLIPPER ALMANACS one may possess himself, at a trifling expense, of a complete record of current stage-events. The compendium of fastest recorded time embraces a vast deal of that sort of knowledge which is not, as a general thing, readily obtainable, and in the acquisition of which there is apt to be much unnecessary argument. A very complete review is furnished of the noteworthy achievements on the ball-field, the race-course, at the oar, on the pedestrian track, and, in brief, in every field of athletic sport. The results of all important contests of strength and endurance, together with the yearly record of sporting events, are given with the same fullness and accuracy that have marked our former efforts in this line. THE ALMANAC hives the honey of a volume of THE CLIPPER'S wisdom. That is a good deal of concentrated sweetness for fifteen cents.

Although it is a part of our pleasurable duty to answer the multitudinous questions of our many correspondents, and although we do not grumble at this self-appointed task, still we believe an intelligent use of THE ALMANAC on the part of THE CLIPPER'S readers would frequently obviate the necessity of applying to the journal to decide disputed points. A great many facts are contained in the little year-book which we are called upon every week to reaffirm in the columns of the paper. Disputants may depend upon it that THE CLIPPER'S rulings, unless it be in some exceptional case, will be in accord with THE ALMANAC'S statements; so that those who are willing to abide by the decisions of this journal may accept as satisfactory and conclusive the assertions of THE CLIPPER ALMANAC. Of course, as THE ALMANAC is issued but once a year, its records may be cut down in the interval between one edition and another; but up to the time specified in the several tables the facts as presented may be regarded as strictly correct. We can only add that we have availed themselves of the privilege of advertising in THE ALMANAC, that there can certainly be no better means employed for reaching the dramatic profession or those in any way connected with sporting affairs. The little book is carefully preserved the year round; it is consulted not once or twice, but a hundred times, and it becomes therefore of inestimable value to those who seek to address THE CLIPPER'S constituents.

ASIA has often supped full of horrors in the theatrical line. Now she has been dining on broiled humans, and it only remains for her to cook a theatrical audience for breakfast. According to a dispatch from San Francisco, a fire broke out during an afternoon performance at a theatre in Yuchun, China, and in the frantic rush to escape from the building many persons were trodden upon and either killed or mangled. Of the two thousand persons in the auditorium, it is estimated that several hundred perished. As in Brooklyn in 1876, some of the actors lost their lives.

WHEN the frightful blizzard took its departure from the metropolis, where it had wrought so much distress and misery, thousands of our innocent residents found themselves afflicted with "the sniffles," or cold in the head. As a Good Samaritan, we tell them what to do: Let them draw through each nostril a little sweet oil, and they will probably find relief. We were told about this by a physician who has not retired, and who doesn't ask you to send a three-cent stamp for a recipe of the herbs by which the cure is not to be effected. Try the sweet oil.

THE POOR have just now to make many a trip to the grocery-store in order to keep warm on the principle of buying a pan of coal at a time. Some months ago it was proposed to heat the high tenement-houses by means of steam-pipes to be run into them by philanthropists and other people who have means, but not enough to enable them to own or run tenement-houses. It has been estimated that it would cost no more to heat these houses thoroughly by steam than it does for the panful of coal that is every now and then brought in from the grocery to "strike a light" in this, that or the other apartment.

THAT "there is nothing new under the sun" may be true enough; but old things can be very fresh, for all that. For example, at one of our theatres last week the old Cony and Blanchard business was done with a dog at one end of a red handkerchief knotted about a man's neck, and the people fairly rose at the sight. They supposed that the trick had just been invented for their especial delectation; and so had thought their fathers, and in some instances their grandfathers, in the excessively long-ago.

THE OBELISK will probably get to its destination this week. "Oh, be joyful!" sing they who are moving it.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY was clear and cold, the sleighing was all that could be desired, and everybody who could raise the price of a hired horse and sleigh took advantage of the opportunity "for that day only," and sped along o'er the crisp and creaking surface as if all hands were millionaires. "The road" was full of them, and the streets were all alive with the gay and festive revelers. There were fewer calls than usual, but there was no lack of basket-work. By that we mean that, instead of keeping open-house and receiving their friends, many ladies kept their doors closed and the blinds down, while very pretty baskets hung suspended from the front-door bell-pull. This was a cunningly-devised scheme whereby to notify callers that no visitors need apply, but that a card placed in the basket would answer every purpose. Many of us hired horses and sleighs, purchased new clothes, and rigged ourselves out in style, with yellow-kid gloves on the hands and patent leathers on the feet, and then started on the grand round, full of joy and things, only to be confronted at the first stopping-place by a card-basket. It was a severe rebuke to our pride, and gave us more pain than the crushed beetle feels, or when a giant dies, as Shakespeare says. At such places, no caller with any spirit at all would deign to enter in after such discouraging hints; and to make the matter still more humiliating, at every house where baskets festooned the bell-pull no sooner would a disappointed caller deposit his card and attempt to sneak away than his ears would be regaled with the laughter and cutting remarks of young ladies peeping through the blinds.

At the houses of the affluent and liberal-minded, whose doors were not shut, victuals and drink were as plenty as mosquitoes wafted on a land-breeze at the seashore. There were provender sufficient to feed an army without banners, and beverages enough to float the United States Navy. Next to the roast pig and the well-browned duck and the boiled lobsters and chicken-livers *en brochette* which bore down heavily on the festive board, the ladies were prominent objects of attraction; and though the touch of those lips was like manna to the children of Israel in the wilderness, yet there was nothing substantial about it; no sustaining force like that we receive from the breast of a plump partridge or the nutritive power enshrined in the bosom of a stuffed goose. And the liquid smiles we drank in from beauty's eyes quenched not the thirst so effectually as the nectar flowing so freely from the mammoth punch-bowl. And yet we say these things in no unkind spirit towards the ladies, but rather in justice to the roast pig and its companions. When we ended the day, reached our residence next morning, and sat down to a choice smoking-hot breakfast, we exclaimed: "Truly, there is no place like home."

IT HAS, PERHAPS, been settled for good. "Grasping monopolies" have claimed for years that a man who has bought a string of tickets on the Crosscut and Chopup Railroad leaves that road as soon as he goes to bed, and hence that if, while abed, he is killed by a collision of trains or an explosion of a boiler the company is not responsible. He should have remained in one of the company's cars, instead of crossing into the Pullman car ahead, or the Wagner car behind, to occupy a more comfortable sleeping-birth. Decisions had been rendered against the railroad company both in this State and in Massachusetts, and now the Supreme Court of the United States has ruled—in the case of a man who, while visiting a friend in another car than that in which he himself had passed the night, had his brains jammed together by the falling of a sleeping-berth—that the railroad company cannot dodge its liability on the ground that the Pullman or Wagner car is no part of the train for which it sells tickets, that tickets for those cars are to be got only of the agents of the Pullman or the Wagner Co., and that the railroad company merely transports that car as it would one for a circus company or one for a new road. It was not even a valid defense in the U. S. S. C. that the injured passenger had left his own berth and seat and had gone into another car. Possibly this means that a railroad traveler—especially when, as this one was, he is trying to go from Chicago to Philadelphia with at least a simulation of comfort—is not to be nailed to his seat or berth. Let us hope that the decision will stick.

PROSPEROUS as this country was deemed to be in 1880, there were three hundred and forty-four business failures in this city alone. About three hundred of these were of houses whose liabilities were comparatively light, because their risks were light. This should give our ambitious young tradesmen pause. The meaning of it is that individuals cannot, either singly or in pairs, hope to compete with corporations or with companies formed of a number of individuals who are pooling their capital. Those who are just beginning to set themselves up in business have now a hard road to travel. Having but little money as a base of operations, they must be fortunate indeed if they are not, spite of all their energy and honest business-tact, pushed to the wall by elder houses that can forego a profit for three or six months in order to crush a budding opposition.

DWARFS are mitey, and will prevail. Those infinitesimally distinguished Americans Com. Foote and Jennie Quigley, in conjunction with the incipient Lucia Zarate and the embryo General who has been her side-partner for several years, are over in London, disporting before royalty. Thus history repeats itself, even if at rather long intervals. A specimen of the American dwarf was up before royalty in London nearly forty years ago. It is altogether a different royalty, however, if we except Queen Victoria. There is still another difference. Barnum was then creating as much of a sensation with one little Thumb of his as Uffner is now doing with a full hand and an entire Foote thrown in.

ON THE Bowery slope one of the variety managers has been sharing receipts with some outside parties without his knowledge or consent. It seems that the ticket-taker was in with "the gang;" and, instead of putting the tickets into a box as they were received at the entrance, he handed them over to "the regulators," so to speak, and they in turn sold them in front of the house at prices greatly below the regular rates. The house was full every night, but the receipts at the box-office were light indeed. The manager was unable to find the leak until he called in the aid of detectives, and then the little game was discovered, and the regulators were caught.

THE TIPTON SLASHER, if a London cablegram is to be credited, is dead—went out with the tide on Christmas-eve. Like many other good men in every class in life, the Tipton tipped too often and too heartily; and when the old scythe-bearer confronted him he was too weak and groggy to stand upon his pins, and he went down, never to rise again. In another part of this issue of THE CLIPPER we give a portrait of the Slasher and a sketch of his life.

A BIG SPREAD, and finely arranged withal, was set out, free for all, by the Messrs. Leland of the Sturtevant House, this city, on New-Year's Day. Cooked and uncooked victuals in abundance, of every variety and of the best quality, comprised the menu, which included, among other things, a turkey weighing thirty-six pounds. From morning until night an army of hungry men fought their way through the good things without impediment.

CLEOPATRA CANDLES are the newest for New-Year's. They are of wax, but modeled after the obelisk, of course. This makes them foreign, and that makes them dearer than "dips" of the orthodox shape. We mention why this new shape has been fixed upon, as otherwise it would be only reasonable to expect naught but "Egyptian darkness" of a Cleopatra or an obelisk candle.

MOUNT ST. VINCENT, one of our landmarks, and for several years past *the* roadhouse of this city, was rapidly converted into sparks last Sunday. To say nothing of the good liquors that went to waste, a quantity of works of art, many of them relics of the sculptor Crawford, were destroyed. There is one fewer hostelry for the flyers to put up at in 1881.

MUCH of the chicken-salad served up by the ladies on New-Year's Day was made of Bob-veal. Such fraud and deception on callers showed an economical spirit, if nothing else; but it was wrong. Many a man never gets a chance to sample chicken-salad except on the recurrence of a New Year, and to be imposed upon then is very galling to a sensitive appetite.

WHAT a farce it was to wish our theatrical managers a Happy New-Year when the entire past week's business was so distressingly bad as to compel many of them to draw on the contents of the old stocking in order to make both ends meet, and all owing to the death of the old and the appointment of a new Probabilities.

IT IS NOT OFTEN that a man thrives upon an indebtedness he is willing to acknowledge; but the late Epes Sargent virtually founded much of his literary fame to what he owed to a great singer. That is to say, he captured a prize offered by Barnum for an "Ode to Jenny Lind" about thirty years ago.

THE LATE cold snap South made that section of our country more solid than ever.

Welcome to 1881.

We give thee a right royal greeting,
Though thy coming was fraught with cold chills,
And a goblet we quaffed to the meeting,
Hoping Time would conquer thine ills;
Though thou'rt welcome, as newcomers should be,
We hanker still for the old year,
And drink to its memory in tansey,
Otherwise in a schooner of beer!

AMERICA AGAINST THE WORLD.—Hanlan and Ross offer to pull double against any two men in the world! Now, here is a chance for the two Australians to get their work in, and make a race as may paralyze the world. Will they do it?

LAYCOCK and Hanlan and other champions will have to look to their laurels. A Professor of Sculls has turned up in this city in the person of Professor Fowler—phrenologist.

BATHING at Coney Island has gone entirely out of fashion, and that is one reason why the bath-houses and their attendants down there complain of hard times.

ONE of the prettiest calendars for 1881 we have seen is that issued by Heppenheimer & Maurer, lithographers, 22 and 24 North William street. It is a gem.

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG was in great demand on New-Year's Day, and yet it caused much weariness and unsteadiness in a man's go-as-you-please qualities.

THE CABLE reports the failure of Alfred New proprietor of extensive ironworks near Nottingham, Eng. Thus be it ever! New was too fresh for his business.

SO MANY HYDRANTS were frozen last week that milkmen experienced great difficulty in supplying their customers with milk.

FRIENDS whom we were unable to call upon last Saturday will please to excuse us, and consider "silence a polite negative."

BERNHARDT is done with Montreal. She doesn't wonder that the United States refused it admission into the Union.

IF THIS COLD SNAP continues, many a theatrical "snap" will have to come to an end.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BAGG, Mather D.—A retired lawyer of Utica, N. Y.—there, Jan. 1, aged 63.

BLANQUI, Louis Auguste—A celebrated French Communistic conspirator—Paris, France, cable-dispatch dated Jan. 2, aged 75.

BRAUN, Dr. Louis—A well-known German physician of Elizabeth, N. J. He served with the Ninth New Jersey Volunteers in the late war, and was afterwards a member of the City Council and School Commission of Elizabeth—there, Dec. 30.

BOOTH, John—A well-known resident of Buffalo, N. Y., and a member of the Common Council of that city in 1870 and 1871—there, Dec. 28, aged 67.

CALLENDER, Samuel N.—One of the pioneers of Buffalo, N. Y. He was a trustee of the Erie Canal Association for the past forty-three years—Buffalo, Dec. 27, aged 80.

COFFEY, Dr. Henry C.—At one time a well-known federal officer in Texas, who had been a captain in the Confederate service during the late war—this city, Dec. 27, aged 61.

COCHRANE, James—An old resident of this city, and formerly connected with the United States Navy as consulting engineer and draughtsman—here, Dec. 28, aged 70.

CAMPBELL, George—An ex-County Clerk of Suffolk, L. I.—Port Jefferson, Dec. 24.

CLARKE, Major George W.—Editor and proprietor of the *Two Republics* City of Mexico, Dec. 25, aged 41.

COULTER, Samuel—An old merchant of this city—here, Dec. 28, aged 65.

CRITCHELL, William—A prominent resident of Rochester, N. Y.—there, Dec. 29.

DORE, Dr. David T.—For many years a surgeon of the Thirty-third Semi-militia Company of N. Y.—here, Dec. 25, aged 41.

DOUGLAS, Hugh—A well-known banker and manufacturer of Nashville, Tenn.—there, Dec. 24, aged 68.

EAGER, Captain Addison—Late of the 17th United States Army—Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 26.

ELMENDORF, Dr. James L.—A well-known physician of Brooklyn, N. Y.—there, Dec. 26, aged 38.

ESLING, L. Theodore—Proprietor and editor of *The Newark Lodger*—Newark, Del., Dec. 28.

ENGLISH, R. H.—Editor and proprietor of *The Selma Daily Times*, and for many years past the agent of the Associated Press at Selma, Ala.—Carlton, Ala., Dec. 30.

FRANKENBERG, Joseph—A noted French historian—cable-dispatch dated Jan. 2, aged 71.

GILMOUR, J. D.—Proprietor of the Grand Hotel, Cincinnati, O., and of the Gilmour House, and of the Eutaw House, Baltimore, Md.—Savannah, Ga., Dec. 29.

HOLMES, E. B.—A well-known actor (see Drama)—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 30, aged 40.

HELDEMIER, M.—The Minister of the Netherlands to Spain and Portugal—Madrid, Spain, cable dispatch dated Jan. 2.

HUDSON, Dr. Erasmus D.—At one time prominent in the Anti-slavery movement. Of late he had been engaged in some special branch of medical surgery. During the Rebellion he had a contract to furnish artificial arms and limbs for the soldiers in the department of New York and the Eastern and Middle States, and later in all parts of the country. Since then rare cases of gunshot wounds and peculiar injuries have been constantly brought to him for advice and apparatus by the Surgeon-general. His services were recognized by an award of honor from the Universal Exposition at Paris in 1867, and a medal from the Universal Exposition at Paris in 1867, and one from the Centennial Exposition of 1876 at Philadelphia—Riverdale, Ct., Dec. 31, aged 75.

KAY, J. Hutchinson—An old resident of Philadelphia, Pa., who was chief clerk under Mayors Henry, McMichael and Fox—there, Dec. 30, aged 70.

LUDLAM, Isaac T.—An old resident of this city, where he was a city surveyor for sixty years—here, Dec. 25, aged 81.

LLAGUNO, Manuel.—An influential resident of Lima, Peru, where he was a member of the City Council and of the Tribunal of Commerce, but who came to this city in business with Mayor Grace of this city—here, Dec. 30, aged 40.

LIVINGSTON, John—A centenarian who claimed to be 107 years of age. He was formerly a slave, and was brought up in the neighborhood of Long Branch, N. J.—Branchport, N. J., Dec. 31.

LUTHER, E. H.—A well-known journalist, for some years prominently connected with the press of New England—Worcester, Mass., Jan. 2, aged 30.

LAW, Alexander—A member of the New York Assembly in 1874 and 1875—Staushan, N. Y., Jan. 1.

MORRIS, Mrs. Gouverneur—A centenarian, who retained her sight and mental faculties to the last—Philadelphia, Dec. 30, aged 108.

MAGNI, Mauro—A well-known Italian writer. He took an active part in the Revolution of 18.8, and was elected a member of the Italian Parliament in 1861—cable-dispatch dated Jan. 2, aged 63.

NESMITH, Dr. Robert D.—Formerly connected with the Board of Health of this city as a medical expert—Paris, France, cable-dispatch dated Dec. 29.

PEAR JR, Edward—A prominent resident of Providence, R. I. He was president of the Phœnix National Bank, and was also connected with various other business enterprises there. Jan. 1, aged 70.

PHELPS, Benjamin K.—District-attorney of this city. He was born in Lee, Mass., in 1832, and came to this city in 1855, where he practiced law for several years. In 1866 he accepted the position of Assistant United States District-attorney, and served until 1870, when he resigned and resumed private practice. He was elected District-attorney in 1872, and was re-elected in 1875 and 1878, administering affairs with much ability during his three terms—here, Dec. 30, aged 48.

PHELPS, Rev. Eliakim—One of the oldest Presbyterian clergymen in this country. He was ordained a minister in 1815, and retired from active service in the pulpit in 1850. For fifteen years he filled the position of secretary of the American Education Society—Andover, N. J., Dec. 29, aged 90.

POPE, John—One of the oldest associates of the National Academy of Design, and an old member of the Artists' Fund Society of this city. He was formerly well known as a portrait painter, but of late years had devoted him self chiefly to the painting of landscapes—here, Dec. 30.

BOKLUND, Johan Kristoffer—A leading Swedish painter, who was curator of the National Museum of stockholm, and director of the Academy of Fine Arts—Stockholm, Dec. 10, aged 63.

ROATH, Dr. Henry—A centenarian, who had always enjoyed good health and the use of her faculties until a few days ago, when a slight cold quickly proved fatal—Norwich, Ct., Dec. 31, aged 110.

ROGERS, John—Formerly Surveyor-general of Pennsylvania, and Speaker of the House of Representatives—Greensburg, Pa., Dec. 30.

RAFFERTY, John C.—District-attorney of Hunterdon County, N. J. He was Secretary of the New Jersey State Senate during 1859, 1860 and 1870, and a member of the same body from 1866 to 1869. He was the author of a work of New Jersey in Washington from 1863 to 1866—Flemington, Dec. 31, aged 64.

STODDART, Thomas T.—A veteran Scottish angler and poet—Kelso, Nov. 22, aged 71.

SARGENT, Epes—A veteran journalist, dramatist and author, and whose name is familiar to every schoolboy and student of declamation. He was the editor of *The Boston Transcript* from 1844 to 1853, and was a contributor, among other songs, of the lyric beginning "A Life on the Ocean Wave." Finding pure literature unremunerative, he took to writing educational works and text-books, a series of school-readers, spellers and speakers—for the last of which he has been most famous, and out of which he made a good deal of money—Boston, Mass., Dec. 30, aged 68.

TATE, A. C.—A leading resident of Clearfield, Pa., and a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature of 1876-77—Clearfield, Dec. 28, aged 53.

WALKER, Judge Percy—An ex-member of Congress and Judge of the Criminal Court of Mobile, Ala. In 1842 he was admitted to the bar. At three different times he was a member of the General Assembly of Alabama, and in 1855 he was elected to Congress—Mobile, Dec. 27.

WAIT, William—Author of several legal works, which have had an extensive sale—Johnstown, N. Y., Dec. 29.

WOODS, Matthew—Long prominent resident of Marysville, Cal., where he had served three terms as Sheriff—there, Dec. 25, aged 58.

WHALEY, J. C. C.—Editor of *The Clinton Democrat*, and a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature—Lock Haven, Dec. 31.

THE TURF.

JAMES R. KEENE'S elegant villa

ATHLETIC.

THE ANNUAL "STAG RACKET"

of the Twenty-third Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., was held on New-Year's eve at the armory in Brooklyn, and, as usual, it was largely attended, but no ladies were admitted. The result of the games contested was as follows: Five-mile walk—F. A. Wells, Co. B (60s. start), 1, in 47m. 25s.; T. R. Bagot, Co. E (scratch), 2, in 46m. 25s., actual time. Fifty-yards run—Final heat: W. T. Stoddard, Co. B, 1, in 6⅘s., beating D. K. Aldridge, Co. K; W. A. Handy, Co. K; and E. A. Ames, Co. K. Tug-of-war —First pull: Company F team (G. T. Miller, B. H. Richardson, T. Randolph and C. H. Field) beat Company K (J. S. Stokes, H. P. Hilbreth, Joseph Reibl and John Jacobson). Won by a hall inch only. Second pull: Company D (A. J. Craft, F. B. Van Doorn, T. W. Sweeney and T. Simmons Jr.) beat Company E (D. Moffat, F. Leigh, T. E. Cummings and F. G. Richardson). Won by 5ft. 6in. Light-weight sparring—J. O. Read, Co. H, beat F. W. Blossom, Co. A. Hurdle-race, 220yds. Sheffield handicap—H. M. Peckham, Co. E (10yds.), 1, in 1m. 37⅘s.; S. P. Wiley, Co. H (scratch), 2. Tug-of-war, 600lb teams, 10-minute limit—Company F (G. T. Miller, B. H. Richardson, J. Randolph and C. H. Field, Jr.) beat Company H (W. V. Nevins, W. Burbank, H. K. Agar and M. R. Robinson) by one inch only. One-mile-walk—F. A. Wells, Co. B (scratch), 1, in 9m. 31s.; R. W. Coleman, Co. A (scratch), 2; J. C. Mehl (scratch), Co. H (30sec. start), 3. Tug-of-war, 550lb teams—First pull: Co. K (W. G. Batty, M. A. Dewey, E. H. Stebbins and L. Townsend) beat Co. A (R. R. Lowe, H. C. Everdell, C. L. Baucher and R. J. Wiley) by a foot. Second pull: Co. H (W. V. Nevins, W. Burbank, H. K. Agar and M. H. Robinson) beat Co. B (F. A. Wells, G. W. Myers, J. R. Dittmars and A. S. Clark) in 4m. 58s. Final pull: Co. K beat Co. H by a foot. Middle-weight sparring—George F. Miller, Co. F, beat F. E. Stewart, Co. K. Half-mile run—S. Ford, Co. A (scratch), 1, in 2m. 26s.; S. P. Wiley, Co. H (scratch), 2; Wm. H. Hardy, Co. K (scratch), 3; H. L. Bartlett, Co. B (18yds.), 0; J. F. Cowan, Co. F, (10), 0; T. T. Drill, Co. E (15yds.), 0; R. Smith, Co. D (15yds.) 0. Three-legged race—Jones and Whitehouse, Co. F, 1, in 1m. 44s.; W. J. Batty and M. A. Dewey, Co. K, 2; E. G. Ames and H. C. Moore, Co. K, fell. Julius Cæsar and George Cree's, colored boxers, also sparred. The managers of the "racket" played a practical joke of a most effective character on the spectators during the evening. A platform had been erected on the floor, decorated with flags and evergreens, expressly, as announced, for the accommodation of two distinguished guests in the persons of Gen. U. S. Grant and Senator Burnside. While the light-weights were sparring the arrival was announced, and as they entered the hall the spectators rose as one man and cheered themselves hoarse in doing honor to the illustrious citizens of the republic. It was not until the lapse of some time after the contest had been seated that the imposition was discovered, so well had Captain Pettit disguised himself as General Grant, and Major Frothingham as the Senator.

O'LEARY'S TOURNAMENT.

Daniel O'Leary, promoter of the new international championship tourney, arrived in the city from Chicago, Ill., on Monday morning, Jan. 3, and soon afterwards called at THE CLIPPER office. He will remain in the metropolis until after the tournament and can be addressed at this office. A number of others have sent in their names to him since our last issue, and the list now includes the following: Chris. Dorgan, Fred. Stahl, Fred. Krohne, New York; John Cox, Bradford, Pa.; Geo. Barber, Jersey City; Mike Goodman's Unknown, New York; John Fitzgerald, George Dufrane, New York; Chester P. Lewis, Lowell, Mass.; Albert Pierce, New York; John Fitzgerald, "the farmer boy;" Owen Feeny, Haverstraw, N. Y.; John Brooks, Burlington, Ia.; Neilson Wright, Chicago, Ill.; Jason Joy, Detroit, Mich.; James Dempsey, Worcester, Ill.; William Cook, Troy; George Winkler, Green Bay; Benj. Berfield, Laporte, Ind. The last half-dozen entries were made to O'Leary during the latter's stay in the Western country. A gentleman has also left at this office one hundred dollars to enter George Guyon for the race, provided he wishes to start. This makes a total of nineteen already entered, and as it is customary for a number of those who purpose competing to delay entering until within a day or so of closing the list, a good-sized field of starters is assured, while among them will be some who have proven themselves first-class long-distance pedestrians, and fresh ones in whom in their pace-giving capacities can be seen as being able to ruin the chances of those already possessed of fame gained on the sawdust-path. There seems a probability that the winner of the first O'Leary belt for six-day go-as-you-please travelers, Frank Hart, champion of America, will become a competitor for this also. As nothing definite has so far been done regarding the next contest for the trophy now held by him, and as the race projected by O'Leary must necessarily prove the cause of beneficial, financially or in the quality of the performers, to any that may be arranged to take place here two or three months thereafter, it would seem, aside from other considerations, policy for him to make a match for a race during that period, one would think that self-interest would induce him to enter for this event, and if he has the old confidence in himself he can scarcely be expected to stay out of it, when the opportunity is offered to add materially to his store of the dollars of our daddies. The very unsatisfactory result of the holiday-week race in Boston, in which him and John Ennis were the principal performers, would seem to indicate that something is required in the way of another victory over good men to make a second competition for the belt now in his possession the success which it might have been months ago. The entry-list will be closed on Saturday, Jan. 8, up to which time application can be made to Daniel O'Leary at this office.

THATCHER OUTWALKS PERKINS.

The match between Harry Thatcher and Wm. Perkins, to walk one hour, for the championship and $500, was decided at the Lillie-bridge Grounds, London, Eng., Dec. 20, in wretched weather, rain falling fast when they took up their positions. So great was the interest taken in the match, however, that about eight hundred spectators were present. Thatcher, who was in the best condition and was made the favorite, is 27yrs. old, stands 5ft. 4½in. and weighed 124lb.; Perkins, 27yrs., 5ft. 6in., and 132lb. On the pistol being immediately strode in front, and led by about three yards at the completion of half a circuit. Thatcher rapidly closed up the gap, and was close to Perkins' heels after a quarter of a mile had been traversed. This state of affairs continued without any deviation until just before finishing the fifth mile, although we must not omit to mention that, when they had covered two miles, so easily was Thatcher progressing as compared with the more labored action of his opponent that 2 to 1 was offered on him without eliciting a response. It was at the end of the fifth mile, however, that Perkins raised the hopes of his supporters, as with a fine spurt he gradually left Thatcher in the rear, and for the first time became favorite in the betting, evens being offered, Perkins for choice. Thatcher was not now assume a very promising appearance, for Perkins had taken him down four backstretch with a lead of about fifteen yards, and at this juncture the excitement which prevailed soon after the start was considerably heightened, particularly when the spectators observed that Thatcher was again drawing dangerously close, a loud cheer greeting both as side by side they passed the next half-mile post. Perkins now commenced to make many plucky efforts to leave Thatcher in his footsteps, and it became evident that the three hours' champion was but biding his time; for immediately after walking six miles and a half he spurted in a way in splendid form, and on again passing the winning-post led Perkins by 8sec. Notwithstanding these disheartening circumstances, however, Perkins never relaxed his efforts; but further exertion was futile, and ultimately Thatcher won by thirty-three yards, the distance covered being 7 miles 823 yards. The time at the end of every mile was as follows, that for each man being the same except for the full distance: One 7m. 21⅘s.; Two 15m. 18s.; three 22m. 53⅘s.; four 31m. 35s.; five, 39m. 45s.; six, 48m. 2s.; seven, 58m. 8⅘s.

DUDDLE DEFEATS CUMMINS.

A mile race between William Duddle (born at Bolton, Eng., March 14, 1858, standing 5ft. 6in. in height, and weighing 147lb) and Jack Cummins (born at Cardiff, Wales, May 2, 1860, standing 5ft. 8in., and weighing 147lb) for $500 a side, took place at Moston Park grounds, Chadderton, near Manchester, Eng., on Dec. 30, and resulted in quite a victory for the former, Duddle winning by 5yds. The Cummins made the pace at the start, and on the competitors "peeling" their condition was eagerly scanned. Duddle was in splendid fettle, and Cummins also appeared to lack nothing in the way of condition, although a few good judges considered him a trifle too big. As regards the race itself, it may be described in a few words. On the pistol being fired, Duddle, as was anticipated, went to the front with the lead, and cut out the work at a cracking pace, passing the half-mile post in 2m. 23⅘sec., about two yards ahead. Those who were holding watches seemed almost dumbfounded at the quick manner in which the lads were careering along, and one individual remarked: "They will stop short in a bit." Stopping short, however, was emphatically out of the question, and Duddle, who seemed determined not to lose a moment on the journey, kept rattling along, with Cummins at his heels. When a mile had been covered, Duddle, who had covered the Cardiff lad seemed to falter in his stride, and the favorite increased his lead to about four yards, which distance separated the pair as they came racing to the bend for home. At this point Cummins made his effort, and in a few strides looked very dangerous. Duddle, however, was equal to the occasion, for, although his opponent made another bid for victory half-way down the straight, he was equal to the task, and on one of the finest races seen in that district for some time past by about five yards. The race was a very fast one, occupying only 4m. 19⅘s., and might have even been made faster than that; so Duddle must be considered a veritable clipper. The winner came in for quite an ovation at the finish, and from the form which he displayed it looks good odds on Cummings of Paisley (the champion) failing to give him twenty yards inside one mile, for which match $250 a side is already down. R. R. Allison of Manchester filled the post of referee, and J. Scholefield of Moston was pistol-firer.

ENNIS' BOSTON RACE.

The 130-hour race gotten up by John Ennis was concluded at the Music Hall, Boston, Mass., on Saturday evening, Jan. 1, at 9 o'clock. It was won by Richard Lacouse, whose score was 425 miles 14 laps (track twenty laps to a mile), F. Wilmot (colored), who was the only other man who was on the track the last day, completing 400 miles. Of the others who started, P. Fitzgerald stopped after covering 352 miles in less than 90 hours; Wm. Fegram quit on the fourth day, with something over 300 miles to his credit, he complaining of pain in his hips; and John Ennis, Frank Hart and Jerry Hourihan were off the track before the first twenty-four hours had expired. The affair was a failure financially, and the promoter is stated to have lost heavily. The conditions stated that the winner was to receive forty per cent. of one-half the gate-receipts, and Lacouse's share was $700. The second man was to receive 30 per cent. On the afternoon of the last day Hart and Ennis ran fifty miles, the former winning easily, having accomplished twenty-five miles in 3 hours and 15 minutes.

McEWEN'S WALK.

The twenty-five mile amateur walk projected by Wm. McEwen came off at Wood's Athletic Grounds, Williamsburg, L. I., on New Year's Eve. The attendance was limited, in consequence of the counter attractions incidental to the time of year and the cold weather combined. The track at these grounds is one hundred and ten yards around, thus requiring sixteen laps to complete a mile, and the result of the contest was as follows: T. M. Buckley, Adelphi A. C., 1, in 4h. 11m. 48s.; D. Lehane, S. A. A. C., 2, in 4h. 13m. 57s.; F. W. Kane, 4h. 21m. 17s.; W. O'Keefe, M. A. C., 20 miles 10 laps; F. P. Murray, W. A. C., 8 miles 11 laps; G. A. Vandenhoff, S. A. A. C., 0; J. J. Raynes, Pastime A. C., 0; J. Donnelly, N. Y. City, disqualified on first lap. The time of the leader at the end of every mile was as follows: O'Keefe—one mile, 8m. 1s.; two, 16m. 24s.; three, 24m. 56⅘s.; four, 33m. 26s.; five, 41m. 56s.; six, 50m. 49s.; seven, 59m. 51s.; eight, 1h. 8m. 4⅘s.; nine, 1h. 18m. 5s.; ten, 1h. 27m. 20s.; eleven, 1h. 36m. 32s.; twelve, 1h. 45m. 57s.; thirteen, 1h. 55m. 25s.; fourteen, 2h. 5m.; fifteen, 2h. 14m. 44s.; sixteen, 2h. 24m. 46s.; seventeen, 2h. 35m. 39s.; eighteen, 2h. 47m. 30s.; nineteen, 2h. 58m. 56s.; twenty, 3h. 10m. 30s. Lehane—twenty-one, 3h. 21m. 11s.; twenty-two, 3h. 32m. 57s. Buckley—twenty-three, 3h. 44m. 15s.; twenty-four, 3h. 57m. 57s.; twenty-five, 4h. 11m. 48s. The times here given are in some instances faster than the previous American record; but a question of correctness in scoring prevents their acceptance.

PROPOSED DOUBLE-HANDED MATCH.—There is a prospect, amounting almost to a certainty, of an interesting international pedestrian match being arranged within the next few months, in which will be two Englishmen and two Americans. Daniel O'Leary proposes to pit the winner of his approaching six-day go-as-you-please tournament and a first-class heel-and-toe walker (probably himself) against a go-as-you-please ped and a fair walker from the old country; the match to be decided in the same building within a reasonable time after the contest of Jan. 24-29. Such a match between picked men representing the two countries would prove very interesting, and it is gratifying to know that negotiations already in progress point to such a consummation.

HOLSKE VS. DRISCOLL.—We now hold one hundred and fifty dollars a side for the match between Ed. C. Holske and Dennis A. Driscoll, who are to walk twenty-five miles, for one thousand dollars and the championship, at the American Institute building, this city, on Feb. 1. The next and final deposit, $350 a side, falls due at this office on Jan. 25, before 3 P. M., when the principals or their representatives are to meet and choose a final stakeholder.

A TWENTY-SEVEN-HOUR go-as-you-please contest between E. E. Hayden of Derby and W. J. Halpine of Hartford, Ct., was commenced at Music Hall Dec. 31, at 7 o'clock P. M. The match was for "$100 a side and the State championship," and closed the following evening at 8 o'clock, Halpine having covered 107 miles and Hayden 95.

THE ALBION SOCIETY of New York will hold their eighth annual reception at Ferrero's Assembly Rooms, Tammany Hall, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 25. Music will be furnished by Prof. Greenop's orchestra, and many prominent athletes are expected to be among those who will participate in the festivities.

GALE'S COLLAPSE.—On Nov. 20 William Gale commenced an attempt to walk 2,500 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, walking not more than a mile and a quarter in each and every hour. A cablegram from London states that at 4.56 A. M. Dec. 28 he broke down, having covered 2,233 miles.

MISS HELENE FREEMAN and Miss K. S. Sherman were contestants in a fifty-mile go-as-you-please match, which began at Music Hall, Hartford, Ct., Christmas-day, and was closed at 10.30 P. M. Miss Sherman withdrawing and Miss Freeman being declared the winner.

BILLIARDS.

A NEW AND USEFUL VOLUME.

We have received an advance copy of "Modern Billiards," written by the late W. P. Colender Company as a successor to the best work on billiards, as a whole, ever published, viz., Michael Phelan's "Game of Billiards." Much pains has been taken with the present work, and it reflects modern billiards better than Phelan's book, and consequently should better meet the requirements of the present generation. There are diagrams containing a hundred or more strokes, mainly designed to bring the balls together, and explanations accompany these diagrams. It is in these instructions that too much zeal, in our opinion, has here and there been shown. Billiards is not an exact science—it is an art or it is nothing; and when the student is directed to hit a ball thirty-one-thirty-seconds full, or is required in a *masse* stroke to hold his cue at an angle of seventy-eight and three-quarter degrees, he is apt to say—well, he is certain does too much time, if he spends any time at all over it, in figuring out the thirty-one-thirty-seconds or the seventy-eight-and-three-quarters. This is the only feature of the book to which exception can well be taken, unless it be in the changing of the rules of fifteen-ball pool and an unjust rule inserted into the pinpool code, to both of which we may have time—for our own vindication as a sporting journal, and in any spirit of captiousness—specially to refer at length hereafter. There are a chapter devoted to rail-play, and a page giving many diagrams of the positions balls are apt to assume while they are being nursed along the edge of the cushion. Accompanying these instructions as to how to overcome the difficulties occasioned by the balls becoming thus awry, or cranky. They are useful instructions; but, after all, the key to rail-nursing has not been given. We hope, however, that by the time another edition of this entertaining and very valuable book is called for there will be considerably less need than now for rail-nursing, even on a new table. Meanwhile, let us whisper, for the cheap what the book itself does not tell, viz., that it is useless for them to practice rail-nursing unless the cloth is new or in first-class condition, and unless, also, the balls are as nearly round as it is possible for human ingenuity to make them. Good rail-nursing cannot be done by even a Schaefer or a Sexton on one table in fifty. We long ago came to the conclusion that a text-book that is not indexed had better not have been written, and we call attention for the nth time to record that this volume has been almost thoroughly indexed. Barring those few pool-rules to which we have taken exception, "Modern Billiards" is a book that no billiard-room of any size or tone should be without.

STRAY SHOTS.

A preliminary tournament is now in progress at the O'Connor Brothers' Union-square Rooms, to determine which of a certain number of "maidens," including young Otis Field, Frank Smith, James Hannafin, Albert Frey, John S. Leonard of Philadelphia, Leslie Slosson and Joseph Pihet, shall be permitted to co-operate with the fifteen-ball-pool veterans who are to struggle with one another in the tournament for money and honors, to be held at the same rooms, beginning Jan. 6.....Is Charles Parker, formerly of Springfield, Mass., is now a drummer for Plume & Atwood, manufacturers of brass wire, Chicago. His billiard-playing days are temporarily suspended, however.....John Dugan, superintendent of Sexton's room, was married a few days ago. He kept it very quiet. How did we guess it? We noticed that his cravat was not tied as it used to be.....Business is so good in Chicago that it is said that the only room in which càroms can be bought for thirty cents an hour is Brown's, opposite Haverly's Theatre.....About four o'clock on the morning of Jan. 2, while Warren shaw of Brockton, Mass., was returning home after having sat up with a sick friend, he saw a light in his billiard-room. Entering, he discovered Frank Boyle, and in the struggle that followed Shaw shot and mortally wounded the intruder. Boyle had served a term in the State-prison.....The National Billiard-players' Association meets to-day, Jan. 3, at the room of W. H. Morris, Eleventh street, near Chestnut, Philadelphia.....Our old friend Tom Foley is in splendid health again in New York city, and is doing as fine a business as billiards in Chicago can show, considering that the capacity of his room admits of but eight tables.....The veteran Mike Honahan of Chicago is now in charge of Chapen & Gore, and is also doing a good business. The room adjoins Chapen & Gore's.....The many Eastern friends of Henry Rhines, who is still at the Brunswick Billiard Hall, Chicago, will be pleased to learn that Henry has almost completely deserted him.....William Mitchell, the noted English player, has been extremely ill, but is once more able to be about. His health is delicate at the best of times.....The public here is delighted to see Slosson has sent a fresh challenge to Vignaux to-night for publication in the *Gaulois* and *Figaro*." Fresh challenges have been issued to Vignaux in the French papers before, and nothing has come of them. The only previous American record; but a question of correctness in scoring prevents their acceptance.

HANLAN AND ROSS, we are informed by a cablegram dated Jan. 1, have issued a challenge to any two men in the world for a double-scull race for $2,500 or $5,000 a side, the race to take place in the early part of the ensuing season. They will allow a fair portion of the stakes for expenses in coming to America to row. Hanlan and Ross intend leaving England together on Jan. 27, in the City of Berlin, and it is stated that T. B. Whitefoot, editor of *The London Sportsman*, will accompany them.

DEATH OF WM. BLAKEY.—On Dec. 17 William Blakey, of the Tyne Hotel, Newcastle, Eng., died there, aged 47 years. The deceased was intimately associated for a number of years with aquatic sports in the north, and was one of the chief supporters of Hare Clasper, Robert Chambers, James Taylor, Thomas Winship, Robert Bagnall and James Renforth, but in recent years he has not been able to devote much time to doings on the river.

EDWARD HANLAN AND ELIAS LAYCOCK are doing daily work on the rivers for the match which is to be decided on the Thames, England, Jan. 17. Laycock is training from Mrs. Mullin's, the Bells, Putney, under the care of Harry Kelley, Edward Hanlan and John Thompson. Hanlan is trained at the Fox and Hounds, Putney, with Wallace Ross and George Drewitt for attendants.

LAYCOCK recently visited Newcastle, Eng., and one evening appeared on the stage of the Tyne Concert Hall, where he was presented with a handsome gold medal and described by some of the north-country admirers of his manly, straightforward conduct and pluck. He met with a hearty reception by the patrons of this popular place of amusement.

THE HUDSON RIVER YACHT CLUB recently elected the following officers: Commodore, R. V. Freeman; vice-commodore, J. E. Grofney; secretary, E. R. Wilson; treasurer, J. Stitger; trustees, T. Muller, T. Eude, C. Van Glahn, Jas. Carolin and J. Kelly.

A CANINE DISPUTE for $500 a side, between William Kane's brindle shot Chippy of Troy and J. Blair's white dog Jack of Louisville, Ky., took place in Troy, N. Y., on Monday, Dec. 27, in the presence of a large crowd of sporting men from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis and Troy. The battle was terrific, and lasted for one hour and fifty-five minutes, resulting in a victory for the Troy dog. It is estimated that $5,000 changed hands.

H. Y. HAYNES, auctioneer at Sandown Park and other race-meetings, died at Lichfield, Eng., Dec. 4.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 335.

MUSICAL.

BOSTON MUSICAL NOTES.—Mapleson's Italian opera season opened at the Boston Theatre Dec. 27 with a disappointment, but not insurmountable, the continued illness of Madame Valleria necessitating a longer rest and the substitution of Mme. Marie Louise Swift as Aida, rather than that a change be made in the opera announced. The audience was not over large, but Mme. Swift received an encouraging welcome, and during the evening abundant manifestations of approval. The opera was otherwise sung by mainly the same artists as last season, and produced in the same spectacular manner. Mme. Gerster made her first appearance 28 in two years as Lucia before an immense audience, as enthusiastic as it was large, and the new tenor, Signor Ravelli, scored an immediate success as Edgardo. Bolto's "Mefistofele" was given 29 for the first time in its vernacular, and the former hearings of the work confirmed the impression that it only needs familiarizing to become wholly popular. "Rigoletto" was sung 30 with Gerster as Gilda, before another crowded house, and "Carmen" was revived 31, with Mlle. De Belocca in the title-rôle. The week's performances concluded with "La Sonnambula" at the New-Year's matinee before another crowded house, Mme. Gerster reappearing as Amina. Business for the whole week has averaged very large. The chorus and the orchestra, directed by Signor Arditi, have done honest and brilliant work, while in matters of scenery and accessories the operas have been produced in a liberal manner. Mapleson's season will close at the expiration of the engagement of Mme. Gerster, as the Mayor had promised him a license, and he would obtain it without fail Jan. 3.

THE GRAND CENTRAL TROUPE, N. Y., parted Jan. 1 with the Four Comets, Minnie Farrell, Smith and Leopold, Minnie Carr, and Sheldon and Barry. The company played at Rand's Opera-house New-Year's eve, under the auspices of the Young Men's Father Mathew T. A. B. Society, to a very large audience. To open 3: John and Lea Peasley, Fred and Annie Barry, Pell and Lewis, and Clever Carroll.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Wheeling, W. Va., did a good business the past week. New faces Jan. 3: Emma and Louis Alfredo, Harry Weeks, Minnie Robinson, Rose Hall, Gibbons and Davenport and John F. Fisher. Closed 1: T. F. Grant, Melrose Sisters, Mlle. La Font, Jas. Gilroy and Bowland and Rice.

WOOD AND BEASLEY, who have just concluded a successful engagement with Birch & Backus' San Francisco Minstrels, where they have been reengaged for a later date in their musical specialties, open at the London Theatre, New York City, Jan. 3 for two weeks. They perform at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., 17, and can be addressed for engagements as per card.

FRANK MARION, Ethiopian dialect artist and eccentric comedian, in his varied specialties, and Jennie Garey in jig and reel dancing on a pedestal, are open for dates at the completion of their engagements at the following theatres: Knickerbocker Theatre, Louisville, Ky., Jan. 10; Gaiety Theatre, Danville, Ill., 17, two weeks; Bijou Theatre, Fort Wayne, Ind., 31; Miner's Theatre, New York, Feb. 14; Adelphi Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y., 21. See card.

KELLY AND RYAN, Irish character-artists, are said to be among the highest-salaried and best drawing cards in the profession. They are performing this week at the New National Theatre, this city.

MANAGER B. C. HART states that combinations can play to big money at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., where business is said to have doubled since last season, and the prices of admission nave been raised.

SNELBAKER'S MAJESTICS show in Indianapolis, Ind., drew Crawfordsville 4, Muncie 5, Richmond 6, Springfield, O., 7, Delaware 8, Cleveland 10, 11, Akron 12, Youngstown 13, Wheeling, W. Va., 14, Steubenville, O., 15, 16, Pittsburg, Pa., 18, one week.

CAS. MCCOLGAN reopened his International Comique, Philadelphia, as a resort for the playing o pool and billiards Jan. 1, free orchestral concerts being given afternoon and night.

JOHN MACK, scenic-artist, advertises for an engagement. He would also play in the stock.

VARIETY BUSINESS IN BOSTON, Mass., was better the earlier part of the week of Dec. 27 than the latter, the cold wave putting a partial veto on this popular branch of amusement. At the Novelty Theatre the bills are now headed with the name of John McFadden as manager; Mark Sullivan, director of amusements; R. Mazziotta, musical-director; and C. B. Brooks, treasurer. The newly named La Bernhardt Minstrels gave the primary portion of the programme, James Taylor, Mark Sullivan and Billy Milton officiating as tambo, interlocutor and bones, and a score of comely-looking maidens in white dresses and red stockings forming the chorus. The new faces in the olio were those of Ripley and Reed, James Richmond and James Taylor, Young Bryant, Mary Milton and the three Crawfords. Those who appear for the first time Jan. 3 and week are the original Robert W. Butler and his "Humpty Dumpty" Pantomime Troupe, the two Morrellos, Pauline Batchelier, Sheehan and Hickey and Emma Rice.....Although Mabel Ledgerwood's Novelty Opera were announced at the Howard Athenæum for a week of Dec. 27, we failed to discover who they were from the press of the house-bill; but those who did appear were, in addition to the regular stock, John Patterson, Fred Frunells, Fred Aymar and Dan O'Brien, Jennie Engle, Lester and Allen, Frank B. Carr, Ella Carr, Kitty Lawrence, Dick Gorman, Jones-dell and Rowan, W. P. Sheldon, the Hull Twin Sisters, Ella Zuila and Ella and Victor Loyal. The performance opened with a minstrel scene and terminated with the burlesque of "Mignonette." This week come M. B. Leavitt's Specialty Troupe, consisting of A. J. Bruno, Doctor Knox and his school of educated hogs, Louise Boshell, the Garettas, Cronin and Sullivan, Nimmie Kent, Charles and Ella Jerome, Samuel and Booker, Nellie Richards, the Lamont Trio, Louise Leeder and Moore and Lessenger.....The new stars at the Bovlston Museum last week were Thompson and Brock, George H. Sayville and John H. Byrne, Emma Bretto, and William and Lon Hayes. The Four Emeralds—Gibbons, Russell, Kennedy and Magee—Professor and Florence (late Baby) Bindley, John and Louis Wesley, Maude Leigh, Frank Nelson, Louisa De Forrest, Howard and Cayne, John C. Harrington and Ada Lanier.

FROM CINCINNATI, O., our correspondent wrote Jan. 1: "The fresh appearances Dec. 27 at the Vine-street Opera-house embraced Alice Gleason, the Clipper Quartet, Frank Naoni, Emma Jones and Alice Montague, Mlle. Lazetta and Mons. Maynard, and a local burlesque of 'Pinafore,' with Louise Montague as Josephine. Business fair. Departures: Tom and Clara Maxwell, Daisy Norwood, Frank Naoni, Frank Jones, Alice Montague, Mlle. Lazetta and Mons. Maynard. Opening 3: Charley Lord, Murray and Murphy, Max Arnold, Billy Maloney, Mabel Gray, and the Clinetop Sisters.....Harry Colcord and Hicentes are at the Coliseum the current week. The Irish Four and American Four's Combination follow 3, Col. J. Franklin Warner's Company 10.....Prof. Cody's Troupe of Marionettes, J. B. Gallagher and Charles and Jennie Reese are at the Globe 27. Business fair. Departures: Nellie Blanchett, Billy Robinson, Prof. Cody and J. B. Gallagher. Opening 3: Tommy Cassidy and others.....Charles H. King, Charles and Jennie Reese and Irwin T. Bush opened at Brand's Music Hall 27. Business moderate. Closing: Tommy Cassidy. No arrivals."

MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, did a very light business last week, with the Irma Glee Belles, Miller and McKeever, Sullivan Volocello, Carrie Brower, Chas. A. Loder, Conway and Farrell—who made a hit with a new and very original act—"The Irish Miners"—Billy Bryant, Frank Ward, and Ike Sisk. Business is dull, the management confined to her bed by a severe affection of the throat and lungs. The last variety performance, for a time at least, was given on New Year's night, the Mayor refusing to renew Miller's license for 1881. The place will still be kept open however, and commencing with Jan. 3 free orchestral concerts will be given nightly, and worshippers will bow as usual before the shrine of Bacchus.

BUSINESS AT THE GRAND CENTRAL.—At the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, during New-Year's week, the show being given by Fayette Welch, Bonnie Runnells, Andy and Annie Hughes, Bernard Shoman, Prentice, Addie and Willie O'Brien, Manchester and Jennings, Ella Mayo, Billy Buckley, Gallagher and Mack, and Kelly and Ryan. To open Jan. 3: Four Boisset Bros., Harry McAvoy and Emma Rogers, Frank McNish and Leland Sisters, Dan Mason and Fred Hunt, Bryant and Lizzie Richmond, Collins Bros., Mast, Barney and Barney McNulty—their first appearance together in the Quaker City—Belle and Lillie La Verde, Hines and Blossom and Daisy Remington. A new feature will be introduced into the house in the way of not allowing any drinking or smoking in the auditorium. The bar is closed, and Manager Gilmore says it will not be reopened, and that the room formerly occupied by it will be partitioned off from the auditorium and rented for a fruit store or some other business.

THE MAJOR PORTION of the bill at Gilmore's Zoo, Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 27 and during the week, was given by the Grand Comic Congress—Frank Bennett and Lida Gardner, John W. Dunne and Annie Hart, Emma Hoffman, Everett and Daly, Mlle. Georgia and Prof. Pillare, Lillie Hall, Fostelle, G. W. Hamilton, Nellie Richards, Jennie Arnold, Clinetop Sisters, De Witt Cooke and Lizzie Daly. The burlesque of "Hassenbad" concluded each performance, in which Lillie Hall and Fostelle came in for much applause. The electric fountain was a feature. White Bros.' circus was confined all week to his hotel by sickness. Business rules large. Arrivals 3: Wills and Adams, Billy Robinson, Conners and McBride, the Maynard Sisters, Wood and Shannon, Bros. Byrne, John Brace, who expected to double with Geo. Homer, will continue at this house indefinitely.....The arrivals at the Academy of Music 3 will be the E. M. Crane Comedy Company in "Rip Van Winkle," Thorne and Weinworth, Morton and Miles, Lavender and Price.....Will A. Baron and Ollie Le Roy have closed at the Vaudeville, New 3: Sam Lang and Dollie Sharpe.....The Adelphi Minstrels opened for the season Dec. 27. The present company consists of Will A. Baron, Ollie Le Roy, Sweeney and Carter, Lizzie Smith, Nick Woodland.

THE PATRONS OF THE COLISEUM, Detroit, Mich., enjoyed the following fresh attractions Dec. 27: Billy and Nellie Hasson, Harris and Wood, Julia Bennett, McGill and Ryland and Yank Adams. Frey and Marshall were billed, but, the first-named being prostrated with rheumatism, were unable to put their services. All the company closed Jan. 1, as Frank Frayne's Combination play the entire week of 3. Carrie Lavarnie lost her pocketbook, containing $40, Dec. 28, while going from theatre to her hotel. Jan. 27 opens at Maj De Forrest's Minstrels, which included the Irwin Sisters, Millie Malmberg, Rose Blair, Maggie Murray, Emma Ross, Ida Ross, Lee Virginia trio, G. Turner, W. Welsh and J. Harris. Closed Jan. 1: Murphy and Mack, Murphy and Shannon, Beasle Bell, Irwin Sisters, Lizzie Richmond and W. T. Bryant. Billed for 3: Emma Whitney, John F. Whitney, Lizzie Hunter, Lester Howard, Tom Sayers, Joe and Annie Burgess, Leonard and Flynn, Gibson and Binney and Ada Burnett.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Providence, R. I., presented the following performers last week: Crosley and Elder, Georgie Meimotte, Three Planets and Lynn Sisters. New faces Jan. 3: Pat Reilly, Rose Sisters, Satsuma and Electric Three. Dan Mason has joined the stock company. Departures Jan. 1: Crosley and Elder, Georgie Meimotte and Three Planets.....M. B. Leavitt's Specialty Company appeared at the Opera-house Dec. 31, Jan. 1.

THE NEW PEOPLE at Cain's Gem Theatre, Bradford, Pa., Dec. 27, were Retlaw and Alton, Eugene Nalowitz, Fred. Huber and Kitty Allyne, Morris and Fiske, Kelly and Haley and Flora Moore. Attendance fair. Departures Jan. 1: Retlaw and Alton, Fred. Huber and Kitty Allyne, Morris and Fields, and Kelly and Haley. Booked for 3: The Four Eccentrics, the Delmarings, John F. Stowe, Lilly McDermott and J. H. Cantz.

COMBINATIONS can fill time at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., by addressing Jacob Crone, proprietor, or Fred Felton, manager. The theatre has a seating capacity of sixteen hundred. Specialty people can always secure engagements there.

FIRST-CLASS COMBINATIONS are wanted for dates after Jan. 31 at the Vine-street Opera-house, Cincinnati, O. Address Thomas E. Snelbaker, proprietor.

AT HYDE & BEHMAN'S THEATRE, Brooklyn, L. I., the arrivals Jan. 3 are Harry G. Richmond, Ferguson and Mack, Charles Diamond, the Three Russian Athletes—Fredericks, Gloss and La Van—Manchester and Jennings, the La Rues, Billy Hayden, Charles A. Loder, May Antonio and Bernard McCreedie.....At the Olympic Theatre May Fisk's Blondes opened Dec. 27. The house will be closed week of Jan. 3.....The new people at Berry's Broadway Theatre (Eastern District) Dec. 27 were Munroe and King, Frank McCullough and Belle Morton. Alf Ieft Jan. 1. Arrivals Jan. 3: Rose Lisle, Beulah Vern, J. E. Edwards, Dick Sands, and Carroll and Walters.

THE BALTIMORE, MD., VARIETY HOUSES failed to do the big holiday business that was anticipated, and, though the attractions offered were well worthy of the time, the extremely cold weather had the effect to materially reduce business. The newcomers at the Monumental were Harry Watson and Alice Hutchings, Lugi Del' Oro, Alex. Davis, Matt Green and Dick Rowe, Charles and Annie Whiting, Maud Barnes, Landis and Steele, Clark and Edwards, Ophelia Starr, and Robert Butler's "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe. To open Jan. 3: Hyde & Behman's Comedy Company.....The arrivals at the Front-street Theatre were Prof. C. N. Steen and wife, Mullen and Kline, Burt Queen, Kittie Kimball, Abbie Barry, Orndorff and McDonald, and W. H. Rightmire in the drama of "The Two Wanderers." To open 3: Mabel Florence, Ward L. Haughton and Harry Lloyd, Ripley and Reed, Gallagher and Mack, and Casey and Mack.....The arrivals at the Odeon were Devern and Ward. Closed Jan. 1: Wood and Shannon, who are largely attended by brother artists. An accident which might have been attended with serious results occurred at the close of the performance afternoon of 28. The curtain had been drawn upon the afterpiece, but the footlights had not been extinguished, and a current of air carried the curtain too close to the lights, so it was ignited, and that with most of the proscenium drapery, the act-drop and tormentors, was enveloped in flames. As several of the performers had not retired to their dressing-rooms, they at once came to the rescue and succeeded in putting out the fire with the aid of an extinguisher, but not before the curtains were almost completely destroyed. The amateur firemen were Archy Hughes, Tom Moore and one of the Hanlon Brothers, who all suffered more or less burns on the hands, causing their retirement till Dec. 31. The loss to Manager Kyle was in the neighborhood of $400. Performances were given as usual that night, and the burned decorations have already been partially replaced by new articles, and a fresh curtain will soon be hung.

BARLOW, WILSON, PRIMROSE & WEST'S MINSTRELS performed to large business in the Grand Opera-house, Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 31, Jan. 1. Our correspondent says: "During the matinee performance Jan. 1 a young man named James Hitchcock, who occupied a chair in the orchestra-circle, was noticed to fall from his seat. Supposing it to be a fainting-fit, he was removed to the door for air, when it was discovered that life was extinct. The physician announced heart-disease as the cause of death." This company's route is: Syracuse 3, Utica 4, Troy 5, Albany 6.

JOHN SIMMS is organizing a minstrel company in Chicago, Ill., to play through the Northwest.

NEG

THE OLD TABBY TOM-CAT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY GEO. W. O.

Oh, sad to the heart is one scene of my childhood,
That vainly I've tried from my mind to dispel:
'Twas catching the house-cat asleep in the wildwood,
And thoughtlessly dinging him down in the well.
The old tabby Tom-cat, the yellow-eyed Tom-cat,
The m'yowing old cat that I flung in the well.

By the aspen and his neck through the orchard I bore him
(His plaintive m'yows in my mem'ry still dwell),
And thus from his haunts and his kindred I tore him,
And cruelly flung him deep down in the well.
The old tabby Tom-cat, the yellow-eyed Tom-cat,
The m'yowing old cat that I flung in the well.

Ah! well I remember how oft from deep slumber
I woke at the sound of the soul-piercing yell,
As, joining in concert of cats without number,
His pow's and m'yows on the stilly night fell.
The old tabby Tom-cat, the yellow-eyed Tom-cat,
The m'yowing old cat that I flung in the well.

How many the boojacks and other things bandy
Were shied at those gath'rings I scarcely can tell;
And of the felines our old Tom was the dandy
Until he died in the depths of the well.
The old tabby Tom-cat, the yellow-eyed Tom-cat,
The m'yowing old cat that I flung in the well.

Now oft in my dreams come the days of my childhood,
The home and its forms, its scenes in the dell, [wood,
The shouts of my playmates that rang through the wild-
The old tabby-cat that I flung in the well,
The old tabby Tom-cat, the yellow-eyed Tom-cat,
The m'yowing old cat that I flung in the well.

Detroit, Mich.

AN INSANE FORGER:

A TERRIBLE CASE IN WHICH THE HORRORS OF VOUDOOISM ARE SHOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY REUBEN B. HILL.

A party of gentlemen were seated in the N— Hotel, on Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington City, one evening not long ago; and among their number was a man whose name is known all over this country because of the great reputation he has acquired through his almost phenomenal skill as a detector of crimes. His friends were Representatives in Congress, a United States Senator, and a son and heir of a Judge of the Supreme Court. This is the kind of company that the detective keeps when he is not at work; but he has been known to remark in just such an assembly as he was in on this evening that he had often been led professionally to seek out and deal with gentlemen of their calibre. Of course, D— as we shall designate the detective, smiled as he said this; but everybody knew he was speaking the truth, nevertheless. The grandeur and dignity of distinguished gentlemen who make up the body of men who run the country, and who reside during the sessions of Congress in Washington City, is greatly magnified by those of their country constituents who only hear of their standard-bearers through the medium of *The Congressional Record*, and who are not aware of the fact that away from their homes and old associations the majority of "M. C.'s" and Senators are not much different from other mortals.

So, as the great drops of rain spattered down on the broad pavement in front of where our party sat on the evening already mentioned, and as the darkness which was coming upon apace caused the conversation in the parlor of voices which had previously been heard in the room to gradually subside, and the lips belonging to the owners of the voices to press closely down over stumps of cigars, and their eyes to take on a pensive, thoughtful expression, it was hardly to be wondered at that a young Member who had been elected from his district for the first time should make an exclamation concerning a curious and not altogether agreeable case, wherein some superstitious negroes had caused some white people of a still more superstitious nature an endless amount of trouble, which case was duly reported in the evening paper that the gentleman held in his hand. "Can such foolishness exist in any enlightened community, and especially at the capital of such a nation as this?" That was the exclamation he made, and as he called Eugene. And I shadowed Mr. Harding.

"It was not a week after Fanning's arrest was ordered. On one occasion I had seen Harding talking with a colored boy on Tenth street, and as he turned and left the boy, and I, dressed like a soldier, reeled in seeming drunkenness around a corner, I never took my eyes off of the boy. I was pulling up—I was getting to the bottom of something, but, great God! did I then suspect what it would all lead to? Did I have any idea then that the man Harding might be insane? There was certainly a sort of method in his madness. I had learned enough not to question the boy too closely, and, after ascertaining that he had an order from Eugene Fanning on a certain livery-man to have a carriage at the depot on the arrival of the Southern train that night, I let him go. I was at the depot when the train arrived. Fanning had not gone there, but in the dimness of the drizzly night I had noticed his spare form creeping along close to the fence on New Jersey avenue. He was restless, uneasy. His connection with the hackman might not interest me—then, again, it might.

"Attired as a rough depot-laborer, I was, under the pale gaslight of the long platform, enabled to witness a scene that greatly interested me—a scene that took place after the train had pulled in and the passengers were alighting, and the usual bustling scenes were taking place. The driver of the carriage in which my hopes centered was generally looking for somebody. I noticed that he held conspicuously in his hand a more than usually large, white envelope, and went close up to every lady who got off the cars. At last he saw the one he was looking for, and approached her. She evidently recognized the signal of the white envelope. She took it, tore it hastily open, read its contents, made a few hurried exclamations, and looked, a little confusedly, around her. She was a beautiful woman. I thought as I then got a coin of vantage into her white face, out from which her startled eyes shot those feverish, hurried glances. But it was no time for contemplating her beauty or her graces. This woman was the betrothed wife of Eugene Fanning. I knew that as well as I knew my name. There was plotting, and deep, devilish plotting—there was a crime, and perhaps crimes, to be revealed. The pale, sinister face of the crouching Southerner bent close to hers, and in the nearly deserted street a few moments before was a face on which I would make the stamp of vilest shame and deepest disgrace yet sit. I was younger then than now, and never have I been thrilled as I was on that night of nights. I could feel my pulse quicken, and the warm, healthy blood of my robust young body was set aglow. Out from the depot-building went the hackman, and he was followed by the lady, whose step was quick and nervous. Her baggage, which was light, was carried by the colored boy whom I had questioned in the afternoon, but who could not now recognize in me the drunken sailor. They entered the carriage, and a moment afterwards I was in mine, which was waiting for me in the shadow just below the door of the depot. Three squares away the carriage in front stopped. I intuitively knew that Harding had got upon the driver's seat, and took that vehicle drove! Down from the depot around the Capitol, striking First street with a heavy thump on the gutter, then up First to the avenue, and then away, while the dim gaslights flickered, and the dull, dirty-looking houses seemed to shudder and fear some great, impending evil, that was to come of the rattling of the mad wheels on the hard pavement. Down Tenth street and squarely into "The Island," as the disreputable portion of the city lying below Pennsylvania avenue and within Seventh street, and then a stop was made in front of an old house on Louisiana avenue. I had a friend with me, and we jumped from our carriage at Tenth and the avenue, and hurried on foot to the place where the other carriage had been brought up. A little light afforded by a feeble lamp burning on the corner of Twelfth street showed us the figures of two men as they sprang from the carriage, and a second later the door was pushed open, and the lady was assisted to alight. We could notice that she hesitated for a moment, and then she ascended the steps of the strange old house, and the door closed behind two of the three. The man who entered with the woman had his coat-collar pulled up and his face was not distinguishable. I knew that it was Harding, however. The driver mounted the seat again and drove off.

"'It's a strange go,' I said to my partner. 'This quarter is full of negroes, and there are several dens here where Voudoo doctors practice. The whole neighborhood ought to be pulled; but as it has not been, and the end of our chase is at this house, we must get at it.'

"I gave three taps on the pavement, and around from two corners glided four dark forms. They were policemen in citizens' clothes. They came up, and, approaching the battered old door, I gave a loud knock. It was answered, and I repeated it. Then we broke in the door. Before us was a long, dark passage, which, after lighting a match, we could see was bare of any furniture. The atmosphere was foul and sickening. From some remote part of the place came the sound of a voice plaintively that I pray God I may never again hear its like. It seemed to be made not by one voice, but by a score, and those discordant, each one seemingly trying to wail as mournfully as possible.

"'Come in!' said, and we approached the sounds.

"Whoever was there heard us not. We came to a door and broke it down. Great God! If I live to be a hundred, can I ever have effaced from my memory the scene that met my gaze? Listen, gentlemen, and I'll try to describe it. I saw at once that the place was a Voudoo hell of the worst description. This, more from the fact that ten or twelve aged negroes—old toothless dames, and horrible-visaged men—were grouped in all sorts of fantastical costumes, with terrible wreaths of animals' teeth, and fowls' and birds' claws around their necks and over the crowns of their heads, were slowly pacing, formed in a circle around an object that lay in the centre of the room. They never stopped, even when the crash of the falling door warned them that they had been intruded upon. The same awful croon went up from their throats and died away in an awful cadence, the same as had first saluted us.

"'Stop this hellish business!' I cried, as we broke through their circle.

"Upon an old mattress, her face upturned to the dingy ceiling, and that face as white and cold as death, lay a rarely beautiful young woman, and, kneeling over her, with both her marble hands clasped in his, was Philip Harding! With the grasp of a madman almost, I caught him and threw him away, and then bent down and felt the forehead, the pulse and the heart of the girl. I made up my mind she was dead.

"'Guard every door and window!' was my order.

"The last statement struck heavily, and staggered. Harding had dealt the blow. Before I or any of my men could seize him I saw him clutch one of the old negresses, and wrest something from her hand.

"'Mam,' he cried, 'Mam Crow, I'll tak it! On the river—on the golden shore!'

"He gurgled something down his throat, turned whiter than before, and fell heavily across the mattress on which the dead woman lay. He writhed in torment, and then he died. We searched the room.

"'Is anybody else here?' I demanded of the crowd of wretches.

"'None living, I think,' the old woman who had been addressed by Harding answered.

"'Then dead? Show me where!'

"The old she-devil laughed wildly and maliciously in my face. She sprang to what I thought was a cupboard, and threw open the great doors. My God! Hissing and squirming—wrapping themselves around each other and intertwining like awful links and chains, horrible snakes spat out their poison and malice! And lying in the bottom of the filthy cage, wrapped in a white shroud that was now soiled and befouled, the white face and hands here and there discolored with black marks, showing where the reptiles had bitten and stung him, was a man—and the man was Eugene Fanning!

"The old woman approached and petted the horrible, devilish snakes, and they wrapped themselves in seeming loving coils around her bony hands, and kissed her face with their death-dealing fangs! How the wretches all laughed and shouted, and danced in their ecstasy! My men could not stand the scene. All but myself and one other fainted, and around their bodies commenced to move the grotesque figures in the same horrible circle in which they had formed about the body of the dead woman. I drew my pistols, and struck them down with the butt end of my pistol. They seemed not to resist, and did not try to escape. I'll not dwell on this scene longer. My men aroused, and we arrested all the conjurers. I never knew so well what the free, pure air of heaven was as I did when I emerged from that place.

"The sequel of the story I will make brief. Among the baggage of the dead girl was found a letter, mailed in Washington and purporting to come from General T— her father. It urged her to come immediately to Washington, as he was ill. General T— never wrote this letter. In her pocket was the note given the young lady at the depot by the driver. It was in the same hand, and made to look as if written in sickness. It said that she was to come without delay to the hospital as named in his telegram to her, directed to a certain Southern town, and trust the man who would be at the depot. The telegram was also found. Harding had undoubtedly been made insane through love of the girl and hatred of Fanning, and had thus used, in a bold, terrible way, his wonderful power of forging signatures. He had first forged the name of Gen. T— to the check for which Eugene Fanning was ordered to be arrested, then the name of the Indian Commissioner to the bogus letter of introduction to the Washington bank, then the letter purporting to come from Gen. T— at Washington to his daughter in New Orleans, then the telegram, and finally the note sent by the driver to the same young lady at the depot!

"The old negress Mam Crow had formally been a slave in the family of the Hardings, and was always feared on the plantation by the other negroes and known as a witch. She had escaped from slavery and come, as most negroes did, to abandoned their Southern homes, to the Capitol. She had been accidentally met by Harding, and, having borne him much love when he was a child, she agreed to aid him in causing the death of his hated rival, he making her believe, as she said, that it was decreed by the stars that Fanning should be offered as a sacrifice. How Harding ever induced Eugene to enter the den of the Voudoos may never be known. The most horrible feature of this awful tragedy was that, after having been given some of a drug the nature of which was known only to the old doctress, Eugene, stupefied, was placed in the den of serpents, and was actually stung to death!

"It is my impression that Miss Helen fainted and died at the terrible scene as soon as she entered, beheld it, and recognized Harding. It was the wretch's object to have her charmed into becoming his wife. He never troubled, probably, after having taken the virulent poison which he snatched from the old woman. Why this poison was apparently held in readiness is a secret that I cannot guess at.

"It took a stout heart in a man to be able to inform good old General T— of the tragic occurrences; but he was told, and, although his grief was intense, he lived through it. A light sentence was given to the old colored people in the police-court for keeping a disorderly house. It was the wish of Gen. T— that the details of the tragedy should never be made public, and, as no good could be accomplished by giving the matter publicity, his wishes were respected. The snakes were killed."

The rain pattered on outside the N— Hotel, the shadows had grown darker, and night was fully come when the detective ceased speaking.

SOMEBODY describing the absurd appearance of a man shooting the polka says: "He looks as though he had a hole in his pocket, and was trying to shake a shilling down the leg of his trousers."

CLIPPER SONGS:

"OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

My Awful Dad.

DEDICATED TO TOM SAYERS, BY TOMMY TUCKER.

The Bible says the father's sin
Descends upon the son,
And as a witness to its truth
You'll find that I am one.
My pa stays out late at night,
He's quite a swell, egad;
I'm always blamed for mischief
Done by my awful dad.
Chorus.—Go where I will, do what I may,
The people think me bad;
I think I will go crazy through
My very awful dad.

Now, I am quite a model youth,
But our names are both the same,
And that's the reason when he's fined
In court I get the blame;
There's seven breach-of-promise suits
My parent's brought on me,
And how I will slip out of them
I really cannot see.
Chorus.—Go where I will, etc.

I wouldn't care so very much,
But then the girl I love
Somehow or other heard of it,
And shook me—yes, by Jove!
The old man he won't own it up—
It makes me feel quite mad
To think that I must suffer
For my awful dad.
Chorus.—Go where I will, etc.

Now, if he doesn't stop his tricks
I'll have to leave his home,
For when I think of what I bear
My manhood it does rouse;
I think I'll try to get a wife—
The first that can be had—
So that I then can rid me of
My very awful dad.
Chorus.—Go where I will, etc.

I Told You So.

WRITTEN BY JOHNNIE PRINDLE,
AND DEDICATED TO PETE AND JERRY GORMAN OF OTTAWA, ONTARIO.

We're here per advertisement—
For we do as we agree—
Two lively Micks from Limerick,
But born in Germany;
We heard tell of America,
And to come here we weren't slow,
And here we'll show what we can do,
Because we told you so.
Chorus.—Now, don't you fret, [*break*]
But watch the step, [*break*]
The style is all our own;
And when we put these dalsies down
You'll find that we're at home.

We are peu-per-fect all the ladies,
We get invites all around;
At high-toned balls and parties
We're sure likely to be found,
For we have such pretty faces,
And graceful, too, you know—
There's no man can take the cake—
Oh, didn't we tell you so!
Chorus.—Now, don't you fret, etc.

The Colored "Jubilee."

SONG-AND-DANCE.

WRITTEN BY DAN LYONS FOR THE MEGATHERIAN FOUR.

Please give us your attention, and we'll sing you a ditty—
We never borrow trouble, and we always happy feel—
Just paste our limber forms, and you'll find we are quite witty;
We are the colored thoroughbreds that never miss a meal.
The old man showed us how to dance 'way down in good old Dixie,
Where we used to work so merrily in good old Alabazan
Oh, we've all got invitations sent by some of our relations,
And we're song down this evening to a colored jubilee.
Chorus.—Everybody will be there, the darkies young and old;
Our dancing and our singing you bet will knock them cold;
We'll have to bid you good-bye now, or we will be too late—
There'll be an awful bustle round the ball;
It at a ball or party, we always take the cake
For doing a song-and-dance and funny fall.
There'll be a doubling and trebling soon, and all will be invited—
Please accept this invitation, and you a sight will see.
Oh, the church-bells will be ringing and the darkies will be singing,
And there'll be another circus like the colored jubilee.
Chorus.—Everybody will be there, etc.

AN ACTOR'S NERVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NATHAN D. URNER.

In the Winter of 1856 I was in New Orleans, in company with Henry Devine, a good actor and still better fellow, who was then well known on the boards throughout the West and Southwest. He had just finished a successful engagement, and on the evening in question I accompanied him as strolling with him through the principal streets of the gay Crescent City. We had proceeded somewhat farther than we had intended into the Creole Quarter, and were about to make our way back to Canal street, when we were attracted by a throng of persons before the brilliantly-lighted doorway of one of the chief song, dance and gambling saloons combined that were in much less evil repute in those days than now.

The cause of the disturbance was speedily made apparent. A showily-dressed, dissipated-looking man was endeavoring to drag into the saloon a beautiful and modest-appearing young girl, who pleaded in vain with him to desist, and, by seizing one of the gilded columns at the entrance, struggled to release herself from his ruffianly clutch. The girl I had never seen before. The man was well known to me at sight as Captain Lascelles, a blue-blooded Castilliian, who was one of the Spanish Consul at this port. Isabella is now but seventeen, and she was left an orphan three years ago, with this infernal hound as her guardian. Curse the luck! if they say that he intends to marry her himself as soon as she shall be eighteen—the legal adult age for women in this State, you know—and thus secure both her person and property. Isabella says she will die before submitting to such a consummation as that, and I believe her. Why, curse it all! the thought of such a thing being even possible in a community calling itself Christian is horrible!" And my friend wound up with a strain of impassioned eloquence that only feared an encounter on his part with a man of Lascelles' reputation, but I was at the same time ignorant of the character of the girl, whose appearance, as I said before, was nevertheless indicative of modesty, as well as of uncommon beauty.

He, however, indignantly shook off my restraining touch, and the next instant seized the gambler by the throat and hurled him back. Then he lifted his hat deferentially to the young girl, and begged her to consider herself free from further molestation.

"Curse you! Do you know who I am?" cried Lascelles, recovering himself, and then in a white rage thrusting his hand into his bosom.

"Why, it's apparent," was cool reply, "you're a blackguard of the first water."

"I have but one answer to such language, as you shall discover to your cost, sir," sneered the gambler, mastering his fury with an effort. "Your card, if you please."

Devine laughed carelessly, proffered the requested address—with which the other at once disappeared into the saloon—and then, turning, he offered his arm to the trembling little beauty, and escorted her away, whispering to me in passing that he would meet me at our hotel in an hour.

I will not dwell upon the comments of the cowardly bystanders after my friend had gone, other than to say that they looked upon the actors as already doomed. I made my way home with a heavy heart. Devine and I occupied a room in common in the St. Charles Hotel. Two hours, instead of one, had passed when he found me there, anxious and disturbed.

"I took the young lady home," said he, seating himself in the best of humors. "Whom do you think she is?"

I shook my head despondently.

"Why, she's a rich orphan, and that brute who was endeavoring to force her is her half-brother and guardian. He keeps a tumble-down establishment in Dumain street, with an old slave for his housekeeper, and with him there he compels this innocent young thing to reside, as he has a legal right to do until she is of age; and all this while she possesses several fine plantations of her own in Feliciana Parish. Did you ever hear of anything so oppressive and absurd? She both hates and fears him, but has thus far been unable to help herself. Lascelles is mostly kind to her but when intoxicated he is brutal and tyrannical in the extreme. This evening he induced her to take a promenade with him, and then suddenly insisted that she should enter with him that gilded den at whose doors we found them, and I overheard in her native Spanish for the gratification of his gambling friends. The poor child was terrified and shocked, and she was pleading with and resisting him in vain when—but you know the rest."

"Lascelles himself is of French Creole stock, and yet you say she is Spanish?" said I, interested in his adventure in spite of my fears for its consequences to him.

"Yes," he replied. "Her name is Isabella Guandara—beautiful name, isn't it? Her mother, once Mrs. Lascelles, was a beautiful Mexican, who after her first husband's death married Senor Guandara, a blue-blooded Castillian, who was also

how fine an actor he had been,
r his harmless, kindly nature.
no Home for Decayed Actors, no
lter them in old age and necessity
d Morton could hardly have been
nter it, so much did he love to steal
es of a night. He was a nuisance
tched lest he should walk onto the
and torn as he was; for, though the
triotic did not let him go hungry
ortably clothed they could not. It
their power to do that for them-

man would come," said Mrs. Peters,
s and pillow of the property-bed a
it look tidy. "It's going to be a
I'm afraid he will freeze if he isn't
here. I wonder where he sleeps—if
swering to a home, anyhow."
rtains neatly down around the bed.
he has," replied her husband. "I
the streets in all weather and at all
he'll be found dead in a gutter one

t to be Old Morton's end.
nner. You can save some for him,"

ildren, the couple went upstairs to
Being New-Year's, they did not
an hour and more over the meal;
lighted his pipe, and little Tommie
wnstairs to play hide-and-seek be-

f the red, departing sun shone into
window high up, and crept through
evice in the gloomy building, light-
portions of roughly-painted scenery,
ted bit of rolling landscape, there an
night, or ladye faire, almost gro-
ndling, and deepening the shadows
d glints fell not. Imagination might
place with a quaint commingling of
calities, but winged Fancy had not
etty children who played on merrily,
many a day before alone in the silent,
n and out of the shadows, flitting
heir childish shouts awakening the
hoes.
s long been an established star, and
octor of standing in his native city,
the rest of the human family, both
ull share of joy and sorrow, triumph
he most lasting impression made on
by the events of that afternoon and
riotic. Little either dreamed it was
nd-seek among the old scenes and
n.
too dark to play any longer," said
go up."
once more," said Julia; "and when
go up."
her way to the property-bed, and,
, called "Whoop!"
ld call a second time the bed shook
she heard a groan that, child as she
er her heart stand still with fear. She
f the bed as fast as her fright would
to her brother. Guided by her voice,
matter?" he asked, frightened at her

ebody in the bed, groaning—there it is

od curdled in his veins as he heard
gasp. As it died away both children
in that quickly brought their parents
ly, frightened in their turn.
a candle.
matter?" they asked in the same

aning in the bed," stammered Julia.
pen the curtains of the property-bed.
re came a sound from within that had
ated in the old theatre, but never be-
eard there in reality—it was the death-
rtion did not die in a gutter, but in the
the presence of a man and a woman
n.
owers!" breathed the woman, as, by
ght of the candle, she recognized him,

had evidently tried to make his way to
e flies, but could not. Fumbling in the
e had fell into it, and
, as the children played about, little
'the last sad scene of all" was being
em.
od there awe-struck, a few of the earli-
e dropping in, and soon a consultation
that was best to be done.
l to let the body lie there until morn-
pone the little dance and supper. One
d came up during the performance
t old man Morton.
he night was one of those rollicking
the Ravel order, with plenty of music,
and dancing, and clowns tumbling

never suspected that behind the
a dead man, one whom in life many of
n well as an actor. How strange that
till amid so much noise! He heeded
ouse rang with laughter, for his dull
nevermore a sound.
cheek appeared as the painted Cold
l it with her carmined lips! She and
hat been married, and as they stood in
costumes, reverently hand-in-hand,
rpse, she whispered, awe-struck:
r be like that, Jim?"
nswered, and, gayly shaking his magic
s around the waist and whisked her
nastly sight.
thought that they, so full of youth and
alth and life, could never die.
though, now. He went headlong one
trap to his death before her eyes.
at the sight, and in a few months had
d to receive her. Poor, gentle hearted
ted, nimble Harlequin!
ormance a few appeared to sit up with
had heard Old Morton confess any that
rought up a Catholic. Peters had a
at people of that faith always put lights
feet of the dead; so he went into the
o get some candles. There lay Nick
out on a shelf asleep.
o him up," he said to the assistant,
t him home. It's too cold a night for
re."
hard to wake him; but, finding he
nt away and left him.
and the dead are but as pictures,"
as he turned from the sleeping to the
hunted up a couple of stools, and, plac-
each, set one at the foot and the other
he property-bed.
that most people can stay up any
if there is anything amusing to
e, but they soon get tired and sleepy
g going on. So it happened that one
the watchers got drowsy, and being
to go home and go to bed, did so,
ne in the dreary vigil. As the long,
Peters, too, got sleepy, and dropped
It was a weird watch, that by the corpse
eters never knew how long he slept,
th awoke him suddenly, with all his
. The curtains of the bed were in a
wind seemed to have whisked the dry old
reach of the candle's flame. Peters'
s of his children and wife sleeping
up in the flies. Knowing the infam-
everything about, he saw there was
lose. Creeping upon the staircase,
ent, awaking the echoes in the old
till the fire swept on, with no hand to

as aroused by his cries, and met him

! quick!" he cried. "The theatre's
top for clothing—come!"
dragged the children from their bed,
uilt, wrapped them in it, and the ter-
fied down the long, long stairs. To
ecemed like years.
re, though it gained steadily, had not
ssage to the stage-door. He got his
into the street, and, bidding them
a neighbor's about three doors off, he
engine-house and gave the alarm, cry-
" as he ran. It was before the days of
and fires made fearful headway before
h place with their apparatus.
had been occupying Nick Platt's had
strange, cracking, roaring noises,
half dazed, on his shelf, he looked
avens! the theatre was as light as at

outed, and, leaping down, sobered by
r, he ran for his life.
, the flames had swept along the side
roperty-room. As he rushed for the
d to pass where the property-bed had
s nothing left of it; the body of Old
the floor, with the flames devouring
Platt had not been able to under-
what had happened, and so was sur-
there.
humanity made him swerve aside in
life; but, as the red flames licked the
ld man, Nick knew it was too late to
was already dead.
ld he save himself? He battled along
fire, while around him the old dry
like so much paper. It was rare ma-
e fiend! The painted canvases, with
work and the thousand-and-one com-
with which a theatre is filled behind
fuel to the flames. On, on he stag-
for breath. He knew the old place
could never have found the door
r windings—but Platt reached it at
to open it—it would not yield to his
as it? Had someone locked it? Or
failing him? Must he perish here,
hold of deliverance?
ercely once more with all the desper-
thing for his life to wrench open the
all his efforts—the smoke blinded
n—he fell senseless.
stronger hands than his were outside
o get it open. Finally the men burst
of firemen rushed in and bore
g over Nick Platt. They pulled him
him out into the cold air of the early
day was breaking. In the gray dawn
theatre fell in, and ere long all that
and temple of the drama was a great
ntain, like some glowing, belching

er forgave himself for trying to com-
rements of Old Morton's faith. The
festive actor was long a subject of
ent among theatricals.
ght a total reform in Nick Platt. He
to touch liquor afterwards. He has
on the fashion of cremation, and has
mark with a shudder that anyone
a corpse burning would ever after
nt, Christian burial.

nd and Sense.

onunciation and spelling of wrong
same pronunciation as the right
ch, properly read, would sound
: A rite suite little buoy, the sun
with a rough about his neck, flue
sh as eh dear. After a tyme he
house and wrung the belle. His
and he kneaded wrest. He was
his fare, pail face. A feint mown
m his lips. The made who herd
ut to pair a pare, but she through
n with all her mite, for fear her
ot weight. Butt when she saw the
stood in her eyes at the site.
Why due yew lye hear? Are yew
r," he said. "I am feint two thee
ar him inn her arms, as she aught.
he mite bee quiet, gave him bred
cent under his knows, tide his
m warmly, gave him some asite
and he has secretly bought up all the land
e. His eyes shown, his cheek was
, and he gambled a hole our.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

EUROPEAN NOVELTIES.

"The White Cliffs."

a new drama in four acts, by Paul Merritt and Henry Pettitt, was produced Dec. 13 at the Theatre Royal, Hull, Eng. The story is as follows: The play opens at Slingsgate Royal, an Elizabethan mansion built on the White Cliffs, lying between Margate and Broadstairs. It is about to pass into the absolute possession of Clare Slingsby, unless the missing son of her uncle, the late Squire, be found before a date now rapidly approaching. Clare is engaged to marry her cousin, Craven Slingsby, who, having been bitterly disappointed at being left out of his uncle's will, determines to win his cousin Clare, and so become master of Slingsgate. In order to do this he has secured the services of one Alf. Lazenby, a needy rascal, who actively spreads a scandal compromising Clare's reputation in connection with her cousin Craven, whose object it is to place her in such a position that she must marry him. Craven is also most anxious to keep from Clare's ears the fact that he has seduced Nell, the daughter of her boatman, Simeon Shipley. He is pressing Clare to name an early date for their marriage, when Lazenby rushes on with his clothes torn and covered with mud, relates how he has been assaulted by Jack of the Sands, a rough young boatman, who has recently come to the neighborhood, and has made himself notorious for his strength and intrepidity. Lazenby demands justice of Craven, and is promised it by Clare. Jack now suddenly appears on the scene in pursuit of Lazenby. He is about to be given into custody by Craven, Clare herself insisting upon his punishment, when she discovers, to her astonishment, that it was in defending her reputation from an odious slander that the assault was committed. Clare and Jack are left alone, and she learns, to her amazement, that she has inspired this man with a wild, mad passion for her. Clare recoils with terror, and Craven, who has overheard a portion of the dialogue, immediately hands Jack over to the police. At this moment Hagar, his supposed mother, enters in search of him, and is recognized by Alderman Chudley, one of the trustees of the Slingsgate property, as the sister of the late Squire's wife, and as the woman who, under a false impression as to his legitimacy, had, twenty years before, taken the boy away. A few searching questions are put to her, and as Jack, handcuffed, is being led off to jail, it is discovered that he is the missing son of Walter Slingsby, the late Squire, and the actual owner of the estate of which he is being so ignominiously thrust. The second act takes place fifteen months afterwards, during a grand ball at Slingsgate, of which Jack has now become the owner. The audience learn that Clare, jilted by Craven, after her loss of fortune has married her wild cousin Jack, only to discover that his roughness and want of education render him no mate for her. Jack tries in vain to win his wife's love, when Lazenby, to revenge himself upon Craven for having thrown him over, places in the husband's hands a packet of letters which Clare had written to her cousin before her marriage, but which Lazenby has ingeniously dated after marriage. Craven, finding that Clare has a handsome settlement, attempts by the memory of their early love, to lure her from her duty. He is indignantly repulsed and ordered out of the house. Craven, not to be cast off, follows her to her room, and is discovered at the door by Jack. A violent quarrel ensues, and the scene suddenly changes to the ball-room, where, before the assembled guests, Jack seizes his perfidious cousin and hurls him to the ground, and then, after a bitter speech of reproach to his wife, he rushes from the house into the stormy night in a raging at the time, intending never to return. The action of the third act takes place partly on and in John Slingsby's yacht, and about Margate Pier. Jack is intending to sail, and has come on board, when Lazenby is hired by Craven to murder Jack; and matters are so arranged that suspicion shall fall upon Simeon Shipley, whose daughter Nell is now dead, and whose just vengeance Craven dreads. A series of complications ensues, which culminate in Simeon shooting down Lazenby in mistake for Craven, at the very moment that Lazenby, himself, is contemplating Simeon, is about to murder Jack. At this particular moment Clare, who has come to the yacht to seek an interview with her husband, encounters Simeon, who escapes, leaving the body in her hands, as Jack, trembling on deck, sees Clare, and believes her to be a would-be murderess of himself. A lapse of nearly three years occurs before the commencement of the last act. Jack is supposed to be dead, and Craven, who is the next of kin, will inherit the property. He is again pressing his attentions on Clare, who again refuses him, having learnt to despise him, and when too late to love the memory of her supposed dead husband. In the meantime, Lazenby, who has returned from Canada with a fraudulent certificate of Jack's decease (a conspiracy in which Craven is a confederate), is relating to Sidney Butler the manner of Jack's death, when Jack himself appears upon the scene. Through the years of hard study and travel have made a wonderful change in him. In an interview with his wife he discovers the letter-fraud and her innocence of his attempted murder, and what to him is still more precious, the fact that his love for her is appreciated and returned. By the agency of Sidney, who throughout has been Jack's firm friend, Lazenby and Craven are arrested for felony, and the curtain falls on a tableau the very opposite of the situation of the first act.

"La Mere des Compagnons,"

a new three-act comic operetta, was recently produced at the Folies Dramatiques, Paris. The plot is founded on the celebration by the guild of Carpenters of St. Germain is a pretty girl of seventeen, called Francine Thibaut; she has inherited from her own mother the honors and privileges attributed by the companionship to the woman who lodges, feeds, aids, and shelters members. One of the carpenters—there are a great many bluoses among the costumes—an honest young fellow and excellent workman, named Marcel Dubuisson, is in love with the girl, and it would be little wonder if he had rivals among his associates, for Francine is a little paragon, the good angel of the Guild. She has given her affections elsewhere, however—in a sphere far higher than her own. The action is laid in 1830. Francine has saved a handsome young nobleman, the Count de Champrose, who is implicated in the conspiracy, from the clutches of the Royalist police; but, unfortunately for her reputation, he is discovered by one of the carpenters in her bedroom, where he had been concealed. Gaston sees at a glance how much he has compromised her fair fame, and, like a gallant gentleman as he is, does not hesitate an instant to offer her his hand and fortune. He is smitten by the little Francine, however, and quite sincere in his intention to sacrifice himself for her sake, while the girl fully believes she loves him. Francine has an aunt, Madame Leroux, an oyster woman at the Paris market, and now a rich innkeeper at St. Germain. This buxom, loud-spoken, and, of course, vulgar dame, accompanies her niece to the salons of the Marquis and Marquise de Pretinpalle, and the count and countess arrive as an escort to their favorite protectress, gay in their "Sunday best," their bluoses adorned with rosettes, and their bearing as jovial as it should be, in honor of Francine's good fortune, though very little in accord with the noble company assembled in the stately rooms of the chateau. In fact, these honest fellows are second editions of the gallant grenadiers who accompany Marie to the residence of the grand lady whose heiress she has been discovered to be. Marcel has not ceased to adore Francine, but his affection is so pure that he almost rejoices at her rise in the world, and never breathes a word to her of what he now considers the hopeless affection. Owing to the standing the inequality of position, therefore, the Count and the innkeeper's niece will become man and wife, when a *deus ex machina* appears to derange the whole affair. This is a strolling player known by the name of Saint Clair, who is Marcel's brother, and who is resolved that the honest carpenter shall not be deprived of his life's happiness by any Count or Marquis. So he has resort to all sorts of tricks and subterfuges, such as his mountebank nature suggests to his imagination. On the wedding morning he presents himself to Champrose disguised as a *pifferaro*, with a performing monkey—whose antics, by-the-bye, created immense amusement. He passes himself off as a secret messenger sent to inform the Count that he is to attend a meeting of Carbonari to be held on that day, and assumes in succession several disguises. Saint Clair, in order to secure his ends and ruin Francine's bridegroom, has attached himself to the Royalist police, and he is encouraged in his scheme by a certain Marquis D'Argental, who is terreting out the conspiracy officially, while in his private capacity he is paying ally court to Francine. The success of the ingenious plan is on the point of success, when Saint Clair, in the costume of an old General, comes to arrest Champrose, an unexpected incident turns the piece into a very dramatic channel. Marcel has pushed his devotedness for Francine to such a length that he constitutes himself the protector of her future husband, and as he has heard Saint Clair denounced as a spy, he snatches the wig from the head of the pretended general, and, to his horror, recognizes his own brother in the police-agent. The scene is almost poignant. Francine, to save Champrose, dons his clothes, and is made prisoner in his stead. As a reward for such self-sacrifice, the Count, instead of making off to England, as he had promised, finds his way to the boudoir of one of his highborn flames, a noble Countess, in whose good graces he has long stood. When she becomes aware of this infidelity, Francine forms a poor view of aristocratic constancy, and decides that his honest Marcel would make a far better husband than such a Lothario as the Count. Their marriage is celebrated on Shrove Tuesday so as to afford scope for a fantastic fete and procession, in which all concerned appear in fancy costumes of rather outlandish character.

"Quicksands,"

a four-act play adapted by William Archer from the Norwegian of Henrik Ibsen, was first acted Dec. 16 at the Gaiety Theatre, London. The story follows: The action is supposed to occupy four days, and takes place at the house of Consul Karsten Bernick, the principal personage in the drama and one of the "pillars of society." The Consul is the most important "pillar" in the little Norwegian seaport. He is universally respected and admired, and according to outward appearances he is a happy man. But the shadow of a past scandal hangs over him and clouds his prosperity. His wife is ignorant of this, but occasionally she is surprised by references to events which have brought disgrace upon the family, and the excitement caused by the arrival of Johan Hessel, Bernick's brother-in-law, and Iona Hessel, Mrs. Bernick's step-sister, reveals the quarter where the scandal has arisen. Johan Hessel and Iona are, in fact, under a social ban, as fifteen years before a large sum of money was reported to have been taken by Johan, causing the firm of Bernick great difficulties. Other vices were laid to Johan's charge, which in reality were committed by Consul Bernick, who in character, if not in outward style, is a kind of Norwegian Peecksniff. Fifteen years have hardly sufficed to quiet the scandal, which is at once revived upon the reappearance of Bernick's relatives. When the Consul is alone with Johan he passionately thanks him for his generosity in the past in taking upon himself the odium which, in a small country town, naturally followed. Consul Bernick, believing that the stay of the newcomers will be brief, hopes that his own reputation for saintliness will stifle the rumors of the curious. It is, besides, an awkward period for their arrival, for the Consul and other "pillars of society" are striving to get a branch line to their town, and he has secretly bought up all the land in the track of the line. The plans of the wealthy man are interrupted by several incidents of a most unexpected kind. In the first place, the handsome Johan Hessel no sooner sees Dina Dorf, the daughter of a woman supposed to be wronged by Hessel, but in reality by Bernick, than he falls in love with her, and this prolongs his stay; while Iona, a strong-hearted and strong-minded woman, having learned the Consul's secret, boldly demands that justice should be done, and that Johan should no longer remain under the stigma which renders him an object of aversion to the whole town. In vain the Consul urges that the avowal would be utter ruin. Iona is firm in her resolve that the sham shall no longer exist, and then the Consul endeavors by a variety of schemes to put off the day of reckoning. He has a vessel just ready for sea, which the head-shipwright tells him is certain to go to the bottom, and, after once more appealing to Johan to keep his secret and go back to America, he is base enough to arrange for his departure in the fated Florida, the unseaworthy vessel. Johan and the pretty Diana have, however, departed in another. Meanwhile there is an alarm that the Consul's son, a boy twelve years of age, has gone to sea in the Florida, and the distracted father attempts to stop the vessel from sailing. The mother, however, warned by some childish threats of the boy, is in time to save him. Iona, still working upon the mind of the Consul, eventually persuades him to make a clean breast of the past, and when a deputation comes with speeches and congratulations, great is the astonishment of all to hear a full confession, reserving nothing, from the lips of the "pillar of society." He tells them with the frankness of a "last dying speech and confession" that, instead of the noble, generous, high-minded and pure individual they had supposed him to be, he is simply a base creature, full of falsehood and double-dealing. With this novel denouement the play concludes.

DRAMATIC.

"OUR RELATIVES," a comedietta in one act by W. Ellis, was performed at the Olympic Theatre, London, Dec. 11. A husband and wife who have not been on particularly good terms have two relatives on their way home from America. The husband has a sister he has not seen for ten years, and in the wife's case it is a brother. This couple fall in love, and their arrival in England leads to jealousy, the husband supposing his wife's brother to be a lover, while the same misunderstanding occurs respecting the sister of the husband. Of course, the mystery ends almost as soon as it begins, and it is by no means difficult to see from the first how it will be worked out.

THE MEMORIAL to the late Lilian Adelaide Neilson has now been placed on the grave in Brompton Cemetery, London. It consists of a colossal cross of rough Sicilian marble fixed upon a solid base of the same material, with a marble inclosure to correspond, and is similar to that depicted in the well-known engraving of the "Rock of Ages." It was contemplated having a sculptured figure of Miss Neilson as Juliet in a recumbent posture, but the idea was abandoned for that of the simple cross.

MADAME MODJESKA has met with great success in her impersonation of the title-role of an adaptation of "Adrienne Lecouvreur" at the Court Theatre, London.

PIERRE BERTON, the well-known young actor of the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, is insane.

MUSICAL.

AUGUSTE COEDES, composer of "Madame Gregoire," and of a number of other pieces less known, has lost his reason.

BASEBALL.

INCIDENTS OF UMPIRING.

Wm. McLean, a painstaking, conscientious and honest umpire, made a ruling in the Worcester-Boston game on May 14 which was much questioned at the time. Whitney in making a home-run failed to touch third base. McLean would not give Whitney out, assigning as his reason that the ball was handled by Sullivan and Hines before dead, and had to go to the pitcher. Bond took the hint, ran to the pitcher's position, and from that point fledged the ball to third before Whitney could get there. McLean, however, would not decide Whitney out, as he thought he did the latter in practice in giving Bond the cue—how to put him out. McLean's candid admission afterwards that this decision was an erroneous one settled a disputed point as to whether the game rules would not admit of Whitney making a home-run on a hit over the fence without touching each base, and shows that the umpire's love of fair play got the better of his judgment. In the Boston-Buffalo game July 24 Morrill ran from second to third after a dead ball had been called without first retouching his base, and on being appealed to the umpire decided him out. Morrill protested, however, the rules were consulted, and the result proved to be in favor of a player not being at that time obliged to touch his base after a dead ball had been pitched. In the Providence-Troy game Sept. 25 Connor and Caskins were on first and second, and while they were playing off the bags Troy's manager, from the grandstand, pitched the ball to the third baseman, who, in the Providence-Cleveland game for not touching his base after play was called. A dispute arose in the Knickerbocker-Athletic game Aug. 15 respecting a decision at first-base, the occupant of that point being obliged to leave his base in order to secure a widely-thrown ball, but dropping it immediately on touching the runner. According to the League rules, the base-runner was out. The rules of the National Association, however, required that the ball must be held by the first baseman touching the runner, and under that code the decision would be not out. A curious decision was given in the Chicago-Cleveland contest Sept. 29. Hankinson was at the bat, and two strikes and a fair ball had been called. Corcoran pitched a wild ball, which grazed Hankinson's side as he dodged it, bringing the bat naturally around with him. The catcher was unable to stop the ball, and it went to the fence. The umpire decided it three strikes, much to everyone's surprise, but to Hankinson's delight, who secured his base. Corcoran's claim that it was a dead ball was not allowed. Being a wild pitch, Corcoran was scored an error, yet according to the rules it would seem necessary to credit him an assist also. In another game, a batsman who had two strikes called on him, struck at and missed the third; but the pitcher's curve caused the ball to rise to the batter at the same moment, and roll out of reach of the catcher. The batsman ran to first-base, but the umpire called him back, ruling that the ball was dead, and that he could neither run nor be put out on it, but must again take his place with two strikes scored against him. Some objected to the decision, holding that the man had taken his full turn at the bat, and should be decided out because of the ball hitting him, and so prevented the catcher from fielding it, claiming that he obstructed the fielding of the ball just as much as if he had been hit by a batted ball. The game between the Kansas City and Topeka Clubs on Aug. 6 was marked at the finish by the umpire declaratively violating a plain rule of baseball. A ball was pitched which passed *behind* the batsman and struck his bat as it lay over his shoulder, and, glancing off, rolled away to the seats. The runner on first base, seeing the ball out of reach of any of the fielders, ran to third base. The captain of the Topeka nine called the attention of the umpire to the fact that it was a dead ball, and asked that the man be sent back to first base; but this request was refused by the umpire. He was shown the rule on the subject, but refused to be bound by it, whereupon a majority of the players declined to go on with the game under his umpiring. A new umpire was chosen, the man who had run to third on a dead ball was sent back, and the game was finished, the result being the success of the Topeka nine by a score of 4 to 3. It should be mentioned that the first umpire, after being removed, had decided the game in favor of the Kansas City Club by a score of 9 to 0. This decision, however, was an illegal one, the first umpire having violated a plain rule of the game, and, being deposed, had no voice whatever in the matter. Both clubs having consented to the selection of a new umpire, they were bound to abide by his decision, and that was in favor of the Topeka team. An unusual episode happened in a Providence-Buffalo game. Dorgan struck a foul ball, which bounded back and hit Bond. Some of the keen-eyed spectators concluded the ball was hit fairly, and volunteered the information that the batsman was out. McLean turned around, and wanted to know who was acting as umpire. While his attention was off the game, Dorgan made a fine hit and reached first base. McLean promptly called him back, and made him bat over again when he went out. Ward, the captain of the Providence nine, then announced that the remainder of the game would be played under protest on the ground that the umpire had not called "Time." As the Providence Club won, the protest was let drop. Anson saved the Chicagoes from being defeated on May 8, by taking advantage of the umpire's lack of familiarity with the rules to get him to call "Time" twice on account of rain, though the "Time" rule had been abolished, and the calling of game or suspension of play was left entirely to the umpire's discretion. In the Athletic-California game Aug. 14 at San Francisco, a base-runner was attempting to reach second when the striker, with an idea of balking the catcher, drew back his bat and made an awkward attempt to hit the ball, resulting in the ball being muffed while the runner reached second. The umpire was evidently ignorant of the rule bearing on this point, and decided the man not out. Another California umpire, when the third strike was purposely missed by Wood on Mack's double-play, decided that the batsman was the only one out, and that the third strike had been caught. Chapman, while umpiring at Buffalo, was not watching the ball, but the first-base, in anticipation of seeing the striker thrown out, and consequently, did not see the short-stop touch a Buffalo base-runner. The only course open to the umpire was to appeal to the crowd, and the still more remarkable fact then appeared that no one had seen the play at all. The umpire was obliged to declare no one out, and the lack of frankness and sympathy of those in opposition to the Troys left the score a tie. In two games at San Francisco passed balls hit the umpire and rebounded back to the catcher in time to enable him to put out base-runners who would have otherwise scored. Wm. McLean of Philadelphia, Charles Daniels of Hartford, and John C. Chapman of Brooklyn, a trio widely and favorably known, reluctantly decided last season to abandon the onerous and thankless task of umpiring, rather than bear the abuse showered upon them. A Buffalo paper was sued for libel in charging that an umpire knowingly made dishonest decisions for a price paid him by gamblers; but the case was settled by the journal in question making an ample apology.

THE METROPOLITAN CLUB.

An announcement has recently been made in the city daily press to the effect that the team for 1881 of this club had recently been made up, and that it would consist of the following players: Powers, Poorman, Brouthers, Brady, Hankinson, Sam Wright, Kennedy, Pike and Hawes. In the first place, an interview with Mr. Day, the financial head of the Metropolitan Club, led to his denial of the statement in toto. He has not only not made any selection for his 1881 team, but he does not intend to engage any players until March next, and then only such as have records showing them to be temperate in their habits and reliable for playing for the side. The Metropolitan Club's financial manager does not see the point of having players under salary or as claimants for advance-money before it is even possible to begin training for the coming season. He has therefore concluded to wait until Spring before he selects his men. When Mr. Day's selection is made THE CLIPPER's baseball readers will be the first to know it. Certainly it will not have some of the players recently set down in the list by the daily papers.

THE NEW RULES OF THE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Resuming comment on the amendments made to the League rules of the game at the December Convention, we find the change made in the third section of Rule 14, which now reads as follows: *"The batsmen must take their position within the batsman's lines, as defined in Rule 9, in the order in which their names are named in the score, and the order thus established shall not be changed during the game."* This order is now required to be made out by the club-captains by 9 A. M. of the day of the game, after which it cannot be changed. Great annoyance has been occasioned spectators at a match, who have purchased "official" score-sheets giving the order of batting, on finding when the game began that the order had been changed, and that the cards were therefore of no use. The rule was made chiefly to remedy this condition of things.

Rule 37 has had an important amendment to it, and that is that which, instead of allowing a substitute to play during the first two innings, now prohibits any player from being allowed a substitute to take his place, except for reasons of illness or injury. The new rule reads as follows: *"A substitute shall not be allowed to take the place of any player in a game, unless such player be disabled in the game then being played, by reason of sickness or injury."* Under the working of this amended rule, if a player of a nine becomes so disabled by actual injury to his person or by sudden illness, a substitute is allowed to take the injured man's place in the team; but the injury or illness must be such as to disable the player, or no other person can be placed in the team in the injured one's position.

Rule 39 has been changed so as to oblige the umpire to call "Play" at the exact hour appointed for commencing the game. Last season the reputation the professional teams had earned for punctuality in beginning their games promptly suffered somewhat from their not observing the rules strictly in this respect, games in some instances being delayed nearly half an hour. It is now the umpire's special duty to call play at the exact hour appointed for the purpose, and to declare the match forfeited by the side failing to take their places in the field when "Play" is thus called.

Rule 40, which governs the calling of strikes, now reads as follows: *"The batsman on taking his position must call for either a 'high ball,' a 'low ball,' or a 'high or low ball,' and the umpire, after such call has been made, shall notify the pitcher to deliver the ball as called. If the batsman has required, and such call shall not be changed after the first ball has been delivered. The umpire shall count and call every 'unfair ball' delivered by the pitcher, and also every foul ball and dead ball—if also an unfair ball—e.g. a 'wild;' and he shall call and count every fair ball not hit or not struck at as a strike. But neither a 'ball' nor a 'strike' shall be called until the ball has passed the home-base."*

It will be seen that the reference to the call of "fair ball" or the warning ball has been stricken out. Now the batsman must strike at the first three fair balls sent in to him, or be decided out on strikes.

Rule 45 is amended so as to prohibit any base-runner from having another player of the nine run for him. If he is too lame—from an injury sustained in the game then being played—to run the bases, he must leave the field altogether, and be subject to Rule 37. If he is only fatigued or partially disabled, then he must run the bases as best he may. This amendment was made to put a stop to the call for base-running substitutes which marked so many League contests last season, and to relieve the captains from the onus of refusing to allow such substitute to run. It is no longer optional with captains to consent to a player running a base for a companion, for no such substitute-running is now permitted.

An important amendment was made to Section 11 of Rule 46, the amended rule now reading as follows:

"The base-runner is out if, when the ball, from a foul hit, has struck the ground before being caught, or the batsman has made a 'foul strike,' he should then fail to retouch the base held by him when the ball was so struck, after such ball has been returned to and held by the pitcher, in which case he may be put out at such base, or by being touched by the ball in the hands of a fielder, in the same manner as in running to first base."

The section which allowed base-runners on foul hits to return to bases without being put out has been stricken out. Under the new rule, therefore, if a base-runner be on first base when the batsman hits a foul ball that is not caught on the fly or first bound, he is liable to be put out in returning to the base he had left when the ball was hit, just as he was when the old rules were in vogue, with the exception that the pitcher is not now required to be standing within the lines of his position before the ball—returned to him from the fielder—can be used to put such base-runner out. He can take the ball from the fielder even were he standing on the base the runner was returning to, and then legally put him out. It will be seen by this that not only does the batsman incur a double penalty for hitting a foul ball to that he incurs in hitting a fair one—such ball being allowed to be caught on the bound as well as the fly—but the base-runner is unjustly punished for the batsman's poor hitting.

A new section has been added to Rule 46, viz., in Section 15, which reads as follows: *"The base-runner is out if, when the umpire has called 'Play,' after a suspension of play, he fails to retouch the base he occupied when 'Time' was called, before he touches the next base."* The working of this rule is thus: Suppose a runner is on second base when the batsman is injured and "Time" is called, and that just before "Time" was called the runner had run halfway towards third base, and that when the call was made he stood still until "Play" was called and then ran to third base; if he reached that base safely he became entitled to it, though he had obtained it by an unfair advantage. Under the new rule such runner *after* play is called is obliged to run back and retouch the base he had left before he can run to the next base.

Rule 55 has been materially changed by the expunging of one section (3) and the striking out of a portion of another. Section 2 now reads as follows: *"The umpire shall not reverse his decision on any point of play, unless appealed to by the captain* in the case of an illegal interpretation, but there is none. Before this amendment was made he was debarred from reversing a decision upon the testimony of a player. Now he cannot reverse it on any account, whether his decision is marked by an error of judgment merely or an error in interpreting the rules. The striking-out of Section 3 prohibits the umpire from deciding the question of a fair catch of the ball by the testimony of fielders. Under the new rule, if he cannot plainly see that the fielder fairly caught the ball he must decide the batsman not out. If it was caught—say a foul-bound ball—behind the fielders, no matter how fair the catch, under the rule he must decide the batsman not out, for if he could not see the catch made he could not judge of its being fair or not. We defer some other rules, bearing upon the umpires and the scoring, to a third chapter.

ATHLETIC.

NORTH-SIDE ATHLETIC CLUB.

The annual Winter meeting of this club was held at Wood's Athletic Grounds, Brooklyn, E. D., on Friday evening, Dec. 24. There were not more than two hundred persons present. The results were as follow:

Quarter-mile run—First heat: W. Falls, N. S. A. C. (10yds. start), 1, in 65⅘s.; S. See, W. A. C. (scratch), 2. Second heat: T. Murphy, S. A. A. C. (10), 1, in 64⅘s.; T. P. Donaldson, N. S. A. C. (20), 2. Final heat: See, 1, in 63s.; Murphy, 2.

One-mile walk—J. J. Raines, Pastime A. C. (25 sec. start), 1, in 8m. 20⅘s.; W. H. Meek, N. Y. City (60s.), 2, in 8m. 21s.

Three-mile run—J. Hatfield, N. S. A. C. (35yds. start), 1, in 2m. 19⅘s.; T. C. Choicener, W. A. C. (45), 2.

Tug-of-war, teams of four men, 600lb in uniform, 10min.—Kimball Scottish-American A. C., 1; Wrack, B. T. Camman, T. Owen and J. Moran), 1, by eight feet; N. S. A. C. (Lewis Doldy, R. H. Schile, Chas. Price and T. Stevens), 2.

One-mile run—J. Hoerber, Pastime A. C. (scratch), 1, in 5m. 12s.; J. Heireigal, N. S. A. C. (40yds.), 2.

Three-mile walk—G. H. Smith, Brooklyn (120sec. start), came in first, but was protested on the ground of professionalism. Walter Lee, N. S. A. C. (40sec.), finished second in 28m. 4s.

One-hour run—S. A. Miles, New York, 9 miles 3 laps (sixteen laps to the mile); J. J. Abberley, W. A. C., 9 miles 2 laps.

BADGER'S TESTIMONIAL.

Manhattan Hall, Eighth avenue and Fifty-fourth street, was well filled on the evening of Monday, Dec. 20, when the Scottish-American A. C. tendered a benefit to their trainer and trackmaster, All. Badger. There were many amateur athletes of high and low degree present, with a goodly representation of the professional element, and the entertainment given was very satisfactory, albeit several of those who had promised to appear failed to show up, and in consequence a part of the programme had to be dispensed with. The performance embraced sparring by Billy Edwards and Pat Jourdan, Frank White and Pitzgerald, Prof. Kimball and Parker, Max E. More and William Childs, Jim Naylor and Ed. Carroll; Monroe and King in song-and-dance; club-swinging by E. W. Kimball, P. J. Hannigan and Johnny Lydon; full-fencing by Fredericks and Fettig, N. Y. T. V.; Graeco-Roman wrestling by Hillwig, H. A. C., and Fabregou, S. A. A. C.; jig and reel dancing by Eddie Meehan; pedestal clog-dance by Mike King; and a team tug-of-war, which was won by the Williamsburg A. C (F. Creamer, J. McIntyre, H. Creamer and F. Smith) defeating a S. A. A. C. team (A. Lester, P. Malkmus, J. Grimes and C. Connor). The stage-show over, the floor was cleared away, and the hours until far into the morning were danced away to the music of a good string-band.

SOULE TO DONAHOE.

We hold fifty dollars on account of the following challenge:

ST. ALBANS, VT., Dec. 30, 1880.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* I hereby challenge Michael Donahoe to wrestle me collar-and-elbow holds according to Ed. James' rules, best two in three fair back falls, for $250 a side, the light-weight championship of America, and the belt which he now holds. I send you $50 for him to cover, and I will meet Mr. Donohoe or his representative at THE CLIPPER office two weeks after he covers my deposit to sign articles and choose a referee.

Yours, truly, T. M. TIERNEY, for H. W. Soule.

RUNNING NEAR PITTSBURG.—Good sport was witnessed at the Deville Running Grounds, Moss Side, Pa., on Christmas-day, as follows: 100-yards-handicap run—First heat: William Lawton (14⅝ yards start), first; John Law (15⅝), second, by two yards. Second heat: Andy Dodds (13⅝) and Robert Lynch (16⅝), dead heat; Henry Lotts (14⅛), third. This was a very exciting race. Afterwards Dodds walked over. Third heat: Richard Law (15⅝), first; Wm. Broad (14⅛), second. This was another grand race, Law just winning in the last stride by a few inches only. A three-legged race, 100 yards, was interesting, Cowburn and Lawton finishing first, Armstrong and Dodds second, Caton and Broad third. Won by a yard. There was also a half-mile run, egg and spoon racing, etc.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the Halifax, N. S., Athletic Club took place at Masonic Hall on Tuesday evening, Dec. 21. The programme consisted of fencing, club-swinging, dumb-bell exercise, sparring, vaulting, rope and ring exercise, single-stick exercise, and horizontal and parallel bar performances. Two gold and three silver medals were presented by the manager and instructor, J. S. McKay, to the members who had the best averages. The following were the winners: Best athlete, gold medal, Walter Creighton; Sparring, gold medal, H. C. Creighton. Gymnastics, silver medal, E. Lockhart. Fencing, silver medal, R. Humphrey. Single-stick, silver medal, C. McKinlay. The presentation was made by S. Tobin, Mayor of Halifax.

SMITH VS. STONE.—The match between Fred. Stone, alias Mathison, of New York, and George H. Smith of Pittsburg, Pa., to run one hundred and twenty-five yards, for $320 a side, took place at Friendship Park, near Pittsburg, on Monday, Dec. 27. Stone was allowed $25 for expenses. The weather was very unfavorable, and a delay of an hour was made to give it a chance to improve, which it did not, and a start was then made. They got off well together, and Smith won by over a yard. As usual in professional sprint-races, no time was officially taken.

P. L. SULLIVAN defeated M. J. Happeny in a mile-and-a-half race for $200 a side, at Mystic Park, Boston, Mass., Dec. 28. The day was unf

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for the week ending P. M. MONDAY, Jan. 3.

LADIES' LIST.

Annetta, Mlle.
Adams, Nellie
Bradley, Leanora
Bell, Kittie
Craig, Lizzie
Connolly, Sadie
Cushman, Clara
Cole, Jennie (late of Pittsburg)
Conners, Lillie
Clifton, Ada
Carroll, Jennie
Cardigan, Cora (2)
Chaperioneer, Lib-bie
Courtright, Mrs. Julia
Delange, Lillie
Deverne, Mrs.
Dreman, Pearl
Ellsworth, Sophia
Fowler, Mrs. Clara
Fontalisblean, Blanch
Foster, Dollie
Fielding, Mrs. Maggie
Garland, Grace
Glenn, Carrie
Graham, Addie
Granville, Gertie
Gardiner, Mrs. Edwin F
Hyers, Emma
Herndon, Agnes
Herbert, Carrie
Kennard, Jennie
Keaton, Mrs. Nelson
Karli, Rose
Kruger, Mrs. J.
Lamont, Madam
Lavely, Millie
Lee, Jone
Lambkin, Mrs. Clara
LaMarre, Le-lu (statue "biz")
Leland, Jennie
Lindley, Jennie
Montague, Louise
Marble, Ella
Murray, Mrs. Henrietta
Melville, Sadie
Moore, Mrs. Mary Jane
Moore, Flora
Malsh, Mrs. Lillian (of New Cross, Eng.)
Newton, Stella Sc.
Newman, Phillis
Naiban, Sarah
O'Connor, Eliza (actress) (2)
Pyke, Kittie
Pixley, Annie
Reeves, Nellie
Ross, Eva
Robeson, Erba
Ravel, Mrs. Sophia
Richards, Alice (p. o. mark London, Eng.) 2lc.
Reeves, Nellie (English p.o.mark) Rose, Fattie
Schott, Angie
St. Felix, Madam
Steen, Mrs. M. E.
Stetson, Louise
Smith, Lydia
Swain, Carrie
Sherwood, Grace E.
Sanford, Eva
Tempieton's Manager, Fay
Vampier, Ella
Walcott, Julia
Wells, Minnie 33c.
Wallack, Mrs. Fannie
Whiting, Mrs. Annie
Warren Sisters
Wallace, Minnie
Wilson, Minnie (p. o. mark Plymouth, Eng.)
Wallace, Agnes
Yeamans, Mrs. Annie
Zazell, Miss (late of Niblo's Garden)

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Arada, Albert (2)
Allen, W. W.
Ames, Emilie
Alfredo, Leo
Ahern, Maurice
Avery, Frank
Anderson, Albert (musical "biz")
Aiken, Sol
Banks, Will J.
Borgman, Chas. E.
Bates, J. G.
Benson, Fred
Blitz, F. R.
Baker, J. J.
Banks, W. J.
Browne, R. S.
Blitz, Frank
Beck, John
Bailey, Jas. A.
Binney, Frank
Baker, C.
Bennett, Clarence
Batcheller & Dorin
Burton, J. (of The Bertons)
Black, Billy (musical "biz")
Byron, O. Doud
Boothby, Dave N. (5)
Brazner, W. L. P. (2)
Burdett, Major (3)
Buckley, Wm.
Beresford, Frank
Bray, W. H.
Brunno, Harry
Brazzier, R. L.
Batcheller, John
Burk, F. L.
& Hamuit Circus)
Castleton, Wm.
Cole, Lew B.
Curtis, Frank (of Perly's Co.)
Cushing, Harry (3)
Campbell, E. (of Cole's Circus)
Cecil, Prof. A. (2)
Charles, G. W. (tenale-impersonator.)
Crawford, Robt.
Curlett & Ryan
Collier, Prof. C. H.
Coup, W. C. (3)
Cordova, Harry
Crawford, Robt. 3c.
Connors, J. (of Fannie Connors & McBride)
Coup, W. C.
Crofford, H. (of the Crofford Bros.)
Callahan, Jas. H.
Cobb, W. A.
Cross, J. A. (manager)
Constantine, Harry
Collins, O. B.
Dewsnap, Harry
DeHaven, Claude
Diamond, Ch.
Davenport, A. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Dickerson, H. A.
Dixon or Fulton, R. C.
Diamond, Chas.
Dorr, Howard
Daily, J. (of B. W. P. & W.'s Minx.)
Dewitt, A. (2)
Dupres & Ben. Minstrels
Darrell, Ed. (2)
Ducrow, Wm.
Dibolo, — (of Sells' Circus)
Duby, L.
Davenport Bros.
Dearing, Sam
Darwin, H. (with Royal Illuminists)
Davenport, G. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Elliott, R. Fiske
Emmerson, Harry
Eastwood, Charlie
Eldridge, M. D.
Forepaugh, Adam
Froom & Jarvis
Fowler, W.
Frayne, Frank I.
Farlan, T. (with Mirror of The World)
Fisher Bros.
Fisk's Jubilee Singers
Fawcett, Owen
Ferguson, B. V. 3c.
Foster, John
Farrell, J. H.
Forepaugh & Cir-cus, Manager
Forrester, Will (p. o. mark London, Eng.) (2)
Fleury, Fetnando
Gregory, John
Garland, I.
Gale, Walter
Grandin & Stanley
Gladstone, S. (of Thornton's Cir.)
Ganger, Frank H. (of Guy, Geo. (of Jubilee Co.)
Gildersleeve, J. R.
Gray, Marc C.
Gilson, Geo.
Gibbs, Clark
Green, John
Garland, Jos.
Goodrich, E. T.
Gannon, James
Haley, Wm. (of The Haleys)
Hedges, H. C.
Heath & Bro. 3c.
Huber, Louis "H. J. C."
Hearon, Jas. (vocalist)
Huber, Fred. J.
Hutchinson, Geo. (glass-blower)
Holmberg, Bernard
Howorth, J. (of Howorth's Hib.)
Howl, Geo.
Harris & Wood (2)
Hunley, Frank
Hill, R. (of Leroy & Hill)
Hunt, R. (of Skiff & Gayl. Minst.)
Hanshen, Thos. W.
Hulbert, Sylvus
Howorth, John (2)
Howard, Chas. L. (2)
Hallock's Opera Bouffe Co., Manager
Huber & Allyne
Hamilton, Johns.
Howard, Chas. L. (2)
Hallock's Opera Bouffe Co., Manager
Hilbrook, Eugene
Holbrook, James
Heywood, Howard, Chas. (minstrel "biz")
Hutchinson, Geo. (instrumentalist)
Kelly, J. F. K.
Kent, Julian
Kelly, J. (of B. W. P. & W's Min.)
Keating & Sands
Kersands, Billy
Kennedy, Jas. Heaney
Kearney, (Kearney & Powers)
Kohl, C. (of Fannie Davenport's Co.)
Leopold & Went-worth
LaMartine, Harry
Linton, Guy
Long, Jo. (of Megatherian 4)
Lorella, W. H
Lorella, T. A.
Long, H. R.
Lubbie, Ed.
Linton, Guy
Lloyd, Harry (vocalist)
Lavake, Will (2)
Lawton, Jack
Lawrence, F. F.
Leavitt, M. B. (2)
Lepman, A. S. 2c.
Lambkin & Earl
Lyons, Dan
Lindley, Henry
Leon, A.
Lapely, Mons.
Little, Chas.
Lowe, Geo.
"Musical" (3)
Mulien, H. (of Mor. gan & Mulien)
McClane, F. A.
Morgan, Joe (late Varieties, Chat-den)
Mack, Walter
Milford, S. H.
Morton, John B.
Markham, Geo.
Monta, Ed.
Mendenhall, Chas.
McElroy, J. E.
Marks, Harry
Murray, J. H. (circus)
Metzayer, W. A.
Mutier, F. A. (leader)
Milford, J. H. (7)
Melendez, Geo. W. (actor)
Newcomb, Bobby
Nicholson, Geo.
McGill, Wm.
McGinnis, Chas.
Muab, Rel
Manning, J. L.
Nannery, Frank
Nannery, P.
Nail, J. M.
O'Neil & Conroy
Osborne, Harry
Ogden, Josh
Orrin Bros.
Pease, Harry
Pullman Bros.
Powers, Jas. T.
Patrick, J. C. (2)
Prentice, C. F.
Patterson, John (clown)
Powers, Jen (late of Boylston Mus.
Paley, Wm. 3c.
Pedanto, —
Reed, A. C.
Russell, Joe
Rostetter, W. J.
Raimond, J. W. (actor)
Roberts, Nick (3)
Reynolds, Jos. (of Keyn. & Corlil)
Russell, Fred. (comedian)
Ross, Jimmy
Read, Chas. H.
Randell, C. (of Happy Thought Co.)
Ross, Willis (agent)
Razzillis, Geo.
Recker, Emil
Ryan, John F.
Rodgers, Jos. C. (musician)
Ronaldo, Geo.
Rodgers, J. P. (late of Cornique, Washington)
Russell, Joe
Raine, John
Shepard, W. H. B.
Shupary, N. Tha. (3)
Sells, Lew
Stokes, J. H.
Stoddard, G. W (manager)
Shaw, J. J. (late of Haverly's, N.Y.)
Stephens, W. T.
Sullivan, D.
Sexton, M. C.
Seeley, Chas.
Sullivan & Smith
Sheridan, J. (of Fun on the Bristol Co.)
Shelton, J. (of Shelton Bros.)
Swyonbourne, W
Sacket & Welch
Sefford, Clarence
Sacchini, Stephen
Smith, James
Turnour, Jules
Tyrell, Frank
Thorne, E. (with Royal Illuminists) (2)
Tissot, Jules
Todd, Alb. (p. o mark, Manchester, Eng.) 3c.
Taylor, Prof. C. C.
Terry, Miles
Thompson, James
Tannehill, E.
"The Four Eccentrics"
The Two Nondescripts
Taylor, John H.
Tippet, Jean
VanAmburg & Co., Manager
Vance, Frank
Varnola, Mesers.
Vivian, Wilmer L.
Vancio, Wm. L.
Wallace, J. R. (of Novelty Co.)
Watson, Rich (2)
Woodland, Nick
Walcott, Geo.
Walling, H. O. (p. o. mark Liverpool, Eng.)
Wood, W. (pantomimist)
Woodson, Harry
Welch, J. (of Double-Headed-Woman Co.)
White, Archie 9c.
Winnetts, The
Wentworth, H. (ventriloquist)
Welling, Albert
Watrigant, Frank
Walton, W. J.
Williams, H. A. B.
Williams, Gus
Wagner, Cal
Williams, F. F. F.
Wilson, Geo. H.
Young, Edwin (manager)
Young, W. (of Coup-er & Bailey's Cir.)
Young Ajax (2)
Yeske, Geo.
Coup's Circus

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[With a view of relieving the pressure upon our regular "Answers to Correspondents" column, we propose to insert here all replies to correspondents whose answers to such queries as relate to other matters will be answered in our regular columns, and should be written on separate slips of paper from those sent for publication, containing answers. No answer at all will be made, orally, by mail or telegraph, to any question that we may have reason to suppose will be answered in the regular column. All such will be answered publicly, through our columns.—ED. CLIPPER.]

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

To Our Authorized Correspondents.

In the future please give all routes ahead of combinations upon separate pieces of paper, instead of embodying them in your letters.

B. D. C., Washington.—In mentioning incidentally that George Rignold was the chief card of the "Henry V" Combination Jarrett & Palmer speeded to San Francisco in 1876, at no small cost for memory. Rignold had left the company and set up an opposition by going to San Francisco and opening in "Henry V" at Wade's Opera-house one week in advance of the opening at the California Theatre of the Jarrett & Palmer Combination, the Henry V of whom was Lawrence Barrett.

H. C.—We shall not make probable salaries without knowing the capacity of the performers. There are good and there are bad musical teams; and if some managers knew husband how truly bad the latter were, they would not get twenty dollars a week between them. 2. It is the same as to the jig-dancing. You can expect all the way from thirty to one hundred dollars a week, and may not be able to get an engagement at all in a house that pays such a sal'y.

J. T. S., Jr.—If Miss Rose Coghlan played in "A Scrap of Paper" at Wallack's, this city, on Jan. 5, 1880, it had to be by permission of the management of the Madison-square Theatre, for which she was under contract last number, and it had also to be in consequence of the illness of Miss Ada Dyas, who was announced to play Suzanne in that play on the night of Wallack's. We can only say that Miss Coghlan has played at Wallack's in "A Scrap of Paper" since the Spring of 1878.

S. E., Providence.—We must tell in advance. As beginners, take what you can get; after you popularize yourselves, you can dictate your own terms to managers. It is difficult for unified people to get a chance to perform in any house of standing, even if they offer to do so for a time for nothing.

BILL AND AL. M., Covington.—1. That class of performers, it they have acquired a reputation, ought to be able to command and fill an engagement a week. 2. If you cannot comprehend what is printed in this regard on our eighth page, you will have to ask specific questions before we can attempt to make matters plain through this column.

K. Y. E., Norfolk.—As a constant reader, you should have seen it stated herein time and time again that we prefer not to give the ages of actresses. 2. We cannot tell you the name of the book or the play from which "Hazel Kirke" has been taken, because if it has been so taken, the author has not publicly made any such acknowledgment.

S. L.—1. The salaries of all those performers and of pretty much all others vary from twenty dollars a week to one hundred and twenty-five. 2. Sunday performances are not allowed in this city, unless they are of a sacred character.

W. T. V., Albany.—1. "Joshua Whitcomb" has been worked up piece by piece from a variety-theatre sketch, and it may be said of it as it is stated that it was never written by anybody. It grew. 2. Your address is Clipper, New York.

M. F. P., San Francisco.—George, that one of the disbanded Three Brazziers who is with Snelbaker's Majestic Combination writes that he shall finish the season with that organization, and possibly will be with them next season.

J. C. H., Des Moines.—We do not know of anyone who would attempt to handle an unpublished play, unless it had already acquired a reputation through being performed.

E. R. C., Columbiaville.—Emma Nevada made her debut at Her Majesty's Opera-house, London, Eng., the 17th, 1859. Direct your letter there. THE CLIPPER of that date is out of print.

M. A. D.—That is no thing to make a bet on. It is too much a matter of individual opinion or taste, and so much of it as is not is a matter of taste is a matter of individual recollection.

A. R. E., Cleveland.—We do not know the lady by name, as we never were with the German actresses. Perhaps were you to tell us where she has been, or where she ought to be, we might find out where she is.

F. B. S., Providence.—1. Harry Sanger can be got of W. A. Pond & Co., music dealers, this city. They will cost you about forty cents apiece. 2. About thirty dollars a week, as the average.

LEBTSON, Springfield, —1. The qualification of all others is experience in the business, and the next qualification is a strong recommendation from some manager. 2. Such an advertisement would further your chances.

MALCOLM STUART, Mansfield.—We would gla'ly have obliged you, but you are neither the place nor the date of the original production of the play.

J. H. M., Brooklyn.—1. That is not exactly in our line. Circumstances would lead us to suppose—born, not made. 2. Probably about one hundred dollars a month, without victuals.

H. J. H., Youngstown.—When last we heard of James E. Murdoch, he was in West Philadelphia, where he owns a residence.

S. S., Omaha.—Levi Maize, known on the plains as Buffalo Bill, died in 1870. It is likely that there have been a dozen Buffalo Bills.

L. M., Marlboro.—It is of course a matter of opinion, although there's not, in ours, much room for doubt that Wilhelmj is the finest.

H. C. B., Haverhill.—Give us the approximate time, such as the year. We do not want to enter upon a four or five years' hunt when it may be unnecessary.

J. Y. O'B., Tonawanda.—The play of "Pique" can be got only of Eug. Daly of Daly's Theatre, this city. It is not published.

M. M., New Orleans.—The only information we have as to her whereabouts is that which may appear from time to time in our amusement columns.

J. D. D., Westerly.—Address her in care of THE CLIPPER post-office.

L. A. P., South Lyon.—We have no record of the death of William Deverney, contortionist.

WEEKLY READER, Philadelphia.—Address the business-manager, by all means.

WAGER, Montreal.—The Windsor Theatre, this city, will seat more people than is that which may appear from time to time in our amusement columns.

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WAGER, Montreal.—The Windsor Theatre, this city, will seat more people than is that which may appear from time to time in our amusement columns.

J. T., Brooklyn.—Make application for such a teacher at the stage-door of some variety theatre in your city.

W. W. C., New Castle.—The galley-slave in the play of that name is a male. Women are not sent to the galleys.

REEDY.—Apply to M. Bradley, Theatre Comique, this city.

AIDA, New Orleans.—So far as our knowledge of her privacy extends, Miss Alice Harrison is not married.

W. G. H., Iowa City.—William Arlington the minstrel was born in this city.

P. N. D.—Harry and John Kernell first appeared at Tony Pastor's together on Oct. 9, 1876.

MAYNARD, Meadville.—Peck & Snyder, whose card see, publish a book of instruction on skating.

L. W. B., New Orleans.—Mail letters one day earlier.

S. H., Springfield.—He is about forty-four years old.

S. G., St. Paul.—That course will be satisfactory.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Jan. 3, 1881!

It is reasonable that you should expect us to wish you a Happy-New Year! after having been our steady company throughout the dead and gone eighteen hundred and eighty. And so we *do* wish you a Happy New-Year! And we bespeak for you joys unspeakable [Now, never mind that, Jimmy. Nobody will notice that bull], and health and prosperity to make your happiness complete. When you start upon a tour, may you find everybody's latchstring a-hanging outside the door, and no big dog near you to bite you afraid. May you never know what it is to want a well-cooked meal, nor a downy bed upon which to rest your weary limbs. May Little Neck clams grow upon all the fructifying trees that line your pathway, and a correct guide-board point out the proper course at all the cross-roads that meet you as your combination plods its way along. May little children come out to greet you, and strew your route with garlands of dahlia lilies and sunflowers and fifteen-cent rosebuds, as they did the thoroughfares when Washington and Lafayette crossed the Delaware at Trenton, or close to it. May patient and loving wives await you at home, and have your slippers and wrappers nicely warmed, and your meerschaum pipes of peace filled with the best Havana ingredients, and a tankard of hot Jamaica casting its aroma around and about you like the balm of a thousand flowers in the desert-sands of Arabia; so that, when you draw the bed-clothes around you as you lie down to pleasant dreams, you may exclaim: "This, oh, this is too much happiness for one year"!.....The Canadian prophet Vennor says this week; we're looking ahead he foretold the coming of that blizzard from the nor-nor-west, and if we hadn't our lamps trimmed and burning and our house in order it wasn't Vennor's fault. What with the snow and sleet and cold combined, the last week and its nights were crushers against theatrical enterprises; but the crushest of all was Thursday, when the bright sun rose upon a city snow-bound and ice-bound. The streets were tight and hard with an underpinning of slippery slush, and, whereas while a nice overlay of choice snow made the sleighing such as we have not had here for years. The cutters and the carryalls and set-down-one were out in force; the streets were alive with them, while the roads were like a panorama of the Arctic Zone. It was a rare sight, a rarer show than that offered at the theatres! It seemed as if all New York was out on runners. From morning till morning never was more fun and hilarity got out of twenty-four hours. The jingle of the sleigh-bells and the cracking of the whip, the merriment of other sleigh belles made music "like the laugh of a child." The road-houses were all alive, and the proprietors thereof were as happy as is the rag-gatherer when he finds a half-dollar in the ash-barrel. Oysters, fish, game, and the other staples of victuals and drinks, but the former became exhausted at an early hour after the real siege began; the beverages *never* ran out, which shows that a moral city like ours would sooner eat than drink. As we said before, the sleighing set the theatrical managers grew disgusted with the existing state of things out of doors, and they were not slow to show it. It was an off-week with them. Combinations left by the trains found the road of impediments, and their progress was marked by old boots and other raiment which had been blown away from the wearers by the force of the wind. ["Hooray for New-Year's! New-Year's is past and gone, James, and you ought to get down to your work, and endeavor to make up for lost time. "Hoo—" There!].....If Mayor Stokley of Philadelphia persists in his alleged refusal to license any variety theatre in that city, he need never look for any more Lent to be broken in that city, with a little more animation. If merchants and ministers and missionaries and moral reformists in their visits to that village are deprived of their usual recreation and enjoyment, they will do their shopping in New York, and the Rev. Dr. Talmage Nantch maidens have enjoyed a generous share of free advertising. Perhaps Mr. Daly thought of this when he first put the idea of bringing them over. Anything that comes from India, you know, has a sort of missionary flavor to it, and perhaps that is why some of the missionaries have already evinced a disposition to take hold of the dancing-girls—when we say "take hold" we speak figuratively, of course—with a view to the latter. Advertising, it's a pity that the Hindoostandee hadn't a better word for "dance" than Nantch. We've been struggling with this atrocious monosyllable for days, and with no better result than the appended:

HINDOOSTANDEE.

If only this word of Hindoostandee
Were altered a little 'twould save us much trouble;
In fact, we should find it exceedingly handy
To pun, it it had not the vowels double.
Or, if we would spell it with one "a" and "d,"
We could turn off the scintillant squibs like forty.
For instance: We'd say that these Nautch girls must be
Undeniably nice, inasmuch as they're Nauty.
But the Hindoostan tongue, we confess, is too much
For us to make other than naught out of Nautch;
And though, as a noun, we can spell it with an h,
We fear that the joke would seem strained and unNantch-ral.

.....They say that when Ponchielli's new opera "The Prodigal Son" was lately brought out in Milan the composer was called out twenty-two times, showing how prodigal of their favors the Milanese people are. No mention is made of the calf, and we are left in the dark as to whether the fatted one was called out an equal number of times or not. We are sorry for this, because in the original package the calf played a very prominent part—and, indeed, as it were, to assist in celebrating the return of the erroneous boy who had given his parents so much unnecessary trouble, and who, no doubt, after the feast was over, and he had braced up on a good square meal, returned to his wicked ways and his idle companions.....In addition to presenting the audiences at the Broad-street Theatre, Philadelphia, last week, with "The Land-leaguers," the manager scattered gifts among them, which goes to show that the "old fel." must have been in that part of Dutch Flatmas-week.....Manager Forepaugh has now got mixed up in the Charley Ross business. It seems that among Mr. Forepaugh's curious and life-like waxworks is a figure of lost Charley Ross. A Canadian, seeking the child and likewise beholding the wax presentment of Charles, recollected seeing alive a real boy who was the exact counterpart of the lost one; so he wrote to the father of Charles, and now all hands are looking for this real boy for the purpose of interviewing him. Thus, it will be seen, the circus is not only a highly moral exhibition, but it assists in the pursuit of lost or missing Charley Rosses!.....Haverly's Mastodons have a fizzle of it. Needle is working its way along like a tired snail. It seems to be easier for one of the Central Park camels to go through the eye of an ordinary needle than for the Egyptian obelisk to get through the city's left lung. When we get the shaft in place, and in a fixed position, how would it do to erect a statue of Sarah Bernhardt alongside of it?

.....If you come across a boy with a black eye pretty soon, look for Jim. "I am said Salvini had better learn to talk plain. English before he comes here to act, and that's what's the matter with Jim.....When we first saw the young lady she was dressed in a suit of "buttered frog," and was coming from the matinee. Subsequently we found her in the hands of a detective, and the "buttered frog" had jumped the bounty. She was a sweet-sixteener, and she was being taken back to her home at Long-a-coming, from which New Jersey centre she had guilelessly run away to see the sights of Gotham. When we last gazed upon the damsel she was a-stringing dried apples.....Did you ever notice what big mouths opera-singers have? And yet Brother Talmage has no license to throw stones at such unfortunate people. We've seen him in a church, in the *maison de joie*, on the avenue, miniature pigs now help to ornament the persons of those who frequent such places. This is still another evidence of the baleful effects of selecting Ohio people for public office.....Ignoran foreign papers declare that Edwin Booth has raised a furor in London. Now, what do they mean by that? It is probable that they intended to say that Mr. Booth, the American tragedian, had made a *fawn roar!* See how plain that makes it? And yet they pride themselves on their classical education over there.....Now that our theatrical friends have their organizations of Elks and Buffaloes, it is probable that the circus people will soon get up the Order of Elephants!.....Arthur Cooke, the balladist with Thatcher & Ryman's Minstrels in Philadelphia, has been singing "Speak! Oh, Speak to Me Again!" Our Jim says that it is evident that his sweet heart has shook him, and asks: "Arthur no other girls that would smile upon him?".....Those managers and actors who were presented with gayly-embroidered slippers last week were unable to wear them, owing to the dreadful condition of the streets. He was the sole exception, however, who got over the difficulty by wearing a pair of rubbers over them.....Actors who act at matinees will be robbed this year. How is that? Why, there are fifty-three Saturdays in the New Year, and no increase in salaries.....Mary Anderson fares sumptuously during her engagement with Manager Haverly at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, this city. On New-Year's day "Mary had a little lamb":

She had lamb, and we had none,
Toorel loorel, toorel loorel;
Now me sonz is nearly done,
Toorel loorel, toorel loorel;

.....It will be seen by an advertisement in another column that those clever sketch-artists Costlen and Clifton are altogether impartial, and no respecters of persons, for they boldly announce that "white people are curious dumb and deaf, and are paralyzed." It is fortunate that they travel with a medicated combination, for the liver-pad they supply will restore speech to the dumb and brace up the paralyzed colored ones.....Presentations have been lively during the holiday terms. In addition to gifts of canes, gold watches, meerschaum pipes, ulsters, and thousand-dollar bonds, quite a number of our professional friends have been presented with bouncing boys and laughing girls as an evidence of the esteem in which they are held by their loving wives, etc. "It is nice to be a father,".....We made a large number of calls on New-Year's Day, and at all points were received with raives of applause and enthusiasm. We took Jim along, but the young feller didn't quite like the society we introduced him into; nor did he know how to behave himself properly. At Mrs. Larabee's, on Fifth avenue, the lad, being called upon for a sentiment or a toast or a song of some sort, gave 'em that time-honored ballad "Lord Lovell," made popular years ago by the lamented Eph Horn, and actually wound it up by an imitation of a railroad-locomotive, just as Eph used to do it before throwing-ed assemblages. Jimmy made a short flight of it, and got away in a fearfully demoralized condition, joining a company of society young men, with whose usages and habits he was better acquainted. Freed from this incubus, we visited Tony Pastor's, solus, and then the revels commenced. Knowing that we should be called upon for one of those new ballads which we always compose for New-Year's Day, we had memorized a brand-new musical gem, different from all the rest, and after the compliments of the season had been exchanged, and favorable allusion to the invaluable services THE CLIPPER had rendered the profession had been made, we were asked to sing, which took us completely by surprise. The company was a knowing one, and all branches of the profession were represented. With innate modesty we shrank from the scrutinizing gaze of the ladies and gentlemen there assembled; but the ladies—may they live long and prosper—wouldn't have it. No; they took us by force of arms, and escorted us to the centre of the room, where the expectant throng gathered close around us. Then we commenced:

THE YEAR 1881

Come, all ye gay compasions, come listen to me song—
The o' a comrade in distress, we won't detain you long;
We'll sing to you of Freedom's land, and of old Ireland, too;

So join the chorus and sing out the hip de doo den do.

[At this juncture we noticed evidences of dissatisfaction, and we heard one gentleman remark: "Why, that's as old as old Bill Tovee." But we were not dismayed, and resumed:]

I met her at the Central Park one Sunday afternoon;
She cast her eyes upon me, and her heart was won full soon;
I asked if she would be my bride, and sail life's seas with me;
She said she would, and so-to-nuzht we married are to be.

[Here a man with a frozen ear asked if the song was altogether original. We froze his other ear with a look of scorn and disgust. He slunk away like a whipped cur, and we returned to our song.]

Now see this man he laid him down at the breaking of the day,
And there and then gave up his lite, and nothing for to say.

His friends they gathered round his form, and said his course was run,
And then he rose—and in his cheeks in Eighteen-eighty-one.

[The assemblage began to thin out; those who remained got together in knots, and, by their looks, they evidently believed the composition to be a humorous work; while, in reality, it was totally sentimental. There was a great deal of "talking going on, which we didn't like—it showed a want of respect for the singer. However, we went on with this work of art.]

So, now my story's ended, I'll bid you all adieu;
For your kind applause I thank you all, and Tony Pastor, too;
I'll come again at your request, when the New Year's work is done,
And drop a tear to the memory of Eighteen-eighty-one.

[While the applause was at its height we silently stole away.]

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has not got married as yet. Nevertheless, she came very near breaking her neck the other day, in consequence of a collision between her regal carriage and an ignoble van in the streets of London. Her horses were thrown, and her regal establishment was smashed.....Some time ago we remarked that Moody and Sankey had found that wrestling with sin was a harder job in San Francisco than they had bargained for when they went to the Golden City. Indications point to their having their hands more than full of vileness and regenera'ion unequally mixed is that they have had to postpone their contemplated visit to New Orleans. But they will go to England next Summer all the same, that being a real pleasure.....Mme. Bernhardt, the celebrated French actor and singer, arrived here on Dec. 30 in the steamer Westphalia. She brought with her a maid and a pug-dog that has in German a name which translated into English means "Mine Heart." Mme. Bernhardt also brought with her twenty-eight cases of theatrical wardrobes. Thanks to Bernhardt's struggle with the U. S. Treasury Department, there is a confident expectation that there will be some fun. [Hurrah for the shah!] We admitted free of duty. *The Era* of London thinks that Genevieve Ward's visit to th's country is "purely one of pleasure." Her friends in this city, however, say that she has not come, Lester Wallack and Theodore Moss would have frozen to death in consequence of the raging blizzard. She was willing to run the risk of freezing for them, *vide* our advertising columns.....We had always thought better of the denizens of the east side (town) but last week they proved to us how much we don't know, and the result was that she was "Led Astray." And she so young, poor thing!.....Among the many persons whom an outgoing Mayor, Hall Mayor, to save an incoming Irving Hall Mayor any trouble, appointed to office last month in this city, was Thomas B. Asten as Tax-commissioner. [Tax-commissioner of pianos; but this was many years ago, before he became a Republican politician.....Harris County, Ga., has just chosen him to represent it in Congress. He is the first appearance on the world's stage was but two pounds. It was a female, more's the wonder; for its tongue should have weighed more. We don't know how much it does mention of it before, but we intended to make such mention: In Atchison, Kansas, recently, Frank Mayo was fined $10 in the police court of twenty-five dollars for being a doorkeeper of the theatre in which he played refused to admit the City-clerk without a ticket. For what are we politicians, if not to admit all the others? Where would be our blessings of this earth?.....The Lace Shawl of the Queen" is the title of a work by Strauss that Mme. Gerstinger will bring out at Steinway Hall, April 1, in consequence of the withdrawal of the lead from the Abbott English-opera Troupe, it has recently been made known Caroline Wallace made a most touching sacrifice to spare her late husband a pang at a time when his powers as a singer were rapidly on the wane. She offered to sing for $75 a week, her salary was to be reduced to fifty dollars a week, it is stated. Aware of his sensitiveness on the subject of his failing off as a singer and performer, she hailed the arrangement to make the reduction in her own salary and leave his untouched. He received full salary until his death.....Kevin Barry, the Irish boy actor, who is only ten years old, was well known to professionals for half a century or more, and who for about that length of time kept the publichouse on the southeast corner of Hester street and the Bowery, died in this city last week, in his 49th year. Some of his father's relatives were in the circus profession, and others in the theatrical line, and he was born to the business.....It is regarded as remarkable, and we do not question that it is a fact as well, that never until last week was a colored person permitted to sit on the stage of the Academy of Music, at least during the hours of a performance. Various managers had endeavored to lease it for colored troupes of various kinds, but without success. Miss Georgie Cayvan has progressed as far as the leasing; but no "colored people had shouted glory in the fiery moon" on the stage of the Academy of Music, Broadway and 14th street, as they came along and took possession of it. It is no secret in professional circles that the success of this troupe in gaining a foothold on the stage of the Academy of Music has filled (this may be pronoued Ri-ald) elder managers.....Maurice Dengremont, the young violinist, who comes from Rio Janeiro, is said to bring with him real, cat-gut and other tools, human as well as vegetable and purely animal, is to be the next sensation in Gotham.....It is conceded in London that Miss Minnie Palmer has made a success as Bertuccio in "The Fool's Revenge." It is pronounced a bold and picturesque performance, and no less powerful than picturesque. Miss Palmer is the daughter, daughter of Etienne De Montgolfier, famous in connection with balloons, died in Paris on Dec. 15, aged ninety-one, surviving his wife eighty-one months. Mr. Clay Greene, the author of a song-book entitled "Melodies du Printemps," which is still in use in nearly all the French schools, has written a drama in five acts, entitled "Marriage," which Richard A. Proctor intends, upon getting back to England from Australia, to turn publisher by issuing a newspaper entitled "Proctor's Knowledge." Miss Jennie Lee-Gestinger, who is to be made "a bigger man" than Bernhardt, is to be serenaded at her hotel to-night, Jan. 5.....Sunday evening will be honor benefit and farewell concerts in Paris, France.....Nilsson is under engagement to make six appearances at Nice this Winter.....In Milan, Italy, on Dec. 15, "Mine Jennie" was produced, were by command of the two Waleses of England presented at the Marlborough House on Dec. 15. Frank Uffner had the honor of introducing them to the Princess and Duchess of Edinburgh, as well as to the two P's—the two Waleses aforesaid.....Frederick Archer, the London organist, whose arrival was recorded last week, died shortly to be heard at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. He is a natural performer on the organ, never, he says, having received instruction. Mme. Gerstinger is reported to say that at the time when, as he claims, Theodore Moss secured from Fermore and Vokes the right to play "Forget-me-not" in the United States, that Moss's application was in an insane asylum. And she does not add that he was there on a commitment on application according to *The Cincinnati Gazette*, Tom Sullivan has been appointed "Old" John Robinson's Circus for many years. This in his mind seems to be sufficient justification for getting drunk enough to imagine that he is the trainer of the animals and could run the whole concern. He commenced on Monday, Dec. 27, to exercise the elephants, and, disregarding all warning, stuck him in the side with the trainer's hook several times. The animal at last tired of these proceedings. He seized Sullivan with his trunk with his trunk and shook him up severely. He then set him down on the ground and opened an attack with his tusks. The beast did not succeed in sticking his tusks into the man's body, but he struck him several times above and below his thighs, bruising him considerably. The circus employees succeeded at last in dragging him out more dead than alive, and he was sent to the Cincinnati Hospital. His condition is regarded as very critical, as he bled internally from the apparently unimportant bruises from the elephant's tusks.....On Jan. 2 states that Genevieve Ward's visit to th's country is "purely one of pleasure." Her friends in this city, however, say that she has not come, Lester Wallack and Theodore Moss would have frozen to death in consequence of the raging blizzard. She was willing to run the risk of freezing for them, *vide* our advertising columns.....We had always thought better of the denizens of the east side (town); but last week they proved to us how much we don't know, and the result was that she was "Led Astray." And she so young, poor thing!.....Among the many persons whom an outgoing Mayor, Hall Mayor, to save an incoming Irving Hall Mayor any trouble, appointed to office last month in this city, was Thomas B. Asten as Tax-commissioner. [Tax-commissioner of pianos; but this was many years ago, before he became a Republican politician.....Harris County, Ga., has just chosen him to represent it in Congress. He is the first appearance on the world's stage was but two pounds. It was a female, more's the wonder; for its tongue should have weighed more. We don't know how much it does mention of it before, but we intended to make such mention: In Atchison, Kansas, recently, Frank Mayo was fined $10 in the police court of twenty-five dollars for being a doorkeeper of the theatre in which he played refused to admit the City-clerk without a ticket. For what are we politicians, if not to admit all the others? Where would be our blessings of this earth?.....The Lace Shawl of the Queen" is the title of a work by Strauss that Mme. Gerstinger will bring out at Steinway Hall, April 1, in consequence of the withdrawal of the lead from the Abbott English-opera Troupe, it has recently been made known Caroline Wallace made a most touching sacrifice to spare her late husband a pang at a time when his powers as a singer were rapidly on the wane. She offered to sing for $75 a week, her salary was to be reduced to fifty dollars a week, it is stated. Aware of his sensitiveness on the subject of his failing off as a singer and performer, she hailed the arrangement to make the reduction in her own salary and leave his untouched. He received full salary until his death.....Kevin Barry, the Irish boy actor, who is only ten years old, was well known to professionals for half a century or more, and who for about that length of time kept the publichouse on the southeast corner of Hester street and the Bowery, died in this city last week, in his 49th year. Some of his father's relatives were in the circus profession, and others in the theatrical line, and he was born to the business.....It is regarded as remarkable, and we do not question that it is a fact as well, that never until last week was a colored person permitted to sit on the stage of the Academy of Music, at least during the hours of a performance. Various managers had endeavored to lease it for colored troupes of various kinds, but without success. Miss Georgie Cayvan has progressed as far as the leasing; but no "colored people had shouted glory in the fiery moon" on the stage of the Academy of Music, Broadway and 14th street, as they came along and took possession of it. It is no secret in professional circles that the success of this troupe in gaining a foothold on the stage of the Academy of Music has filled (this may be pronoued Ri-ald) elder managers.....Maurice Dengremont, the young violinist, who comes from Rio Janeiro, is said to bring with him real, cat-gut and other tools, human as well as vegetable and purely animal, is to be the next sensation in Gotham.....It is conceded in London that Miss

ANUARY 8, 1881.

OPERA-HOUSE, Indianapolis, Ind., and Rose Eytinge Combination in ded the boards Dec. 27, 28, 29 and patronage. W. J. Cogswell joined there. Minnie Palmer in "Our l" followed 30, for the remainder .....At the Grand Opera-house mond opened 30 in "Colonel good attendance, and repeated n. 1, "Wolfert's Roost" being and at the New-Year's matinee. 's Froliques in "Hobbies" began performances at the Park Theatre erately fair patronage. This house osed during the present week..... s at the Grand Opera-house: Snel- cs. Jan. 3, Haverly's New Mastodon "Fun on the Bristol" 6, 7, 8, "One " 10, 11, 12, Lotta 13, 14, 15..... due at the Park 10, 11, 12..... Jan. 1 our correspondent adds: rnment,' a domestic story in three for the first time on any stage by 's Gaiety Company at English's ec. 31. The piece is from the pen of of San Francisco—not unknown as ter—and 'depicts the vicissitudes d hoyendish though devoted and r, in whom the natural follies of mingled with those substantial at- honor and duty.' Appended is the he Torment, Miss Minnie Palmer; n, Matthew Holmes; Asa Graham, n Graham, Jas. C. Kenney; Dolly agle Jr.; Frank Winton, Chas. d Bunker, D. E. Morgan; Bill rover; Switchet, F. E. Wilson; nk Hardie; Fanny Luce, Miss Sadie Merchant, Miss Mollie Kenney; ss Annie Belmont; Daisy Merrift. The story of 'Pigeon' fervently of a poor and luckless school-girl as placed low in the scale of social bused and maltreated, she finds a g man in the village, by whom in omes strongly endeared by the ties of heart which others have ver. Her father (Gideon Pearl- mith) is socially ostracised by ends on account of his poverty, hilosopher, with the spirit of re- in his bosom, suddenly leaves e for a distant country in search ng a parting letter for his daugh- absence at a picnic. The blow Pigeon. Asa succeeds in meta- from a wild and vicious girl to a ducated young lady. In course of mith returns with wealth, and es- lf and daughter in a home of derpiot, in which a superficial sad havoc with Asa's heart, is g. While the piece is crude t in many of its situations and changes ought to be made for ent introduction of Miss Palm- bilities, it is an improvement on hool style of plays. However, are that it will not become thor- n its present shape. The support- ion of Mr. Paul's Asa, was not . Mr. Taylor, the author, was an or at the initial performance, at dance was fairly good. 'Pigeon' Jan. 1."

, NEWS to Jan. 1 from our corre- as appended: "The weather has cold and inclement, and all the ffered. Lotta at the Grand has done iness only, and the opera at Pike's ch better, only one opera—'Mef- drawn a crowded house. At Rob- ouse Miles' Juvenile Opera Com- edly. Business at Heuck's and the been below the average, and the s at the Coliseum have deservedly otta opened at the Grand Opera- n 'Zip,' which was repeated 28, Detective' being presented the eek. Of the support, C. H. he comedy roles made a fair

AYER has retired from the firm of Moulton, New England managers. and company appeared in the ge, Toronto, Ont., Dec. 29, 30, ge. Mrs. G. C. Howard opened 30 week in her well-known charac- he piece was produced in spec- scenery being all new and gotten le production and finishing with ormation scene. Business was Emma Verne and combination in " was billed for one week, com- ent failed to put in an appearance. Jan. 3, the Corinne Merrymakers present "The Magic Slipper." F. S. Chanfrau and Henrietta Chan- frau open 10....."Fun on the Bristol" at Hooley's gives place to N. C. Goodwin's Folly Theatre, Philadelphia, Jan. 1. The repertory for the last week included "The Grand Duchess," "Genevieve De Brabant," "Chimes of Normandy," "Orfano Angot's Daughter," and "Chilperic." The com- pany is the weakest Soldene ever had in this coun- try. "Voyagers in Southern Seas" will be pro- duced for the first time in Philadelphia Jan. 3.

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Continued on page 331.

AMUSEMENTS.

PERFORMING DOGS WANTED BY ORRIN BROS. & CO. Address to ASHLAND HOUSE, New York. 42-1t

OUR BOSTON, MASS., LETTER, dated Dec. 31, 1880, is as under: "Thus far the third visit to this city of Smith & Mestayer's Tourists has been specially in financial results, comparing most favorably with their first stop-over at the Gaiety Theatre a year ago, at which house the present engagement is now being played. Crowded audiences have been in attendance every night, as well as at the sometimes lonesome Wednesday matinee. The entertainment comprises the best of the older features, with new characters, eccentricities, songs and business in- troduced into the second and last acts, where the greatest amount of fun is confined, and the farrago has been highly relished, hearty applause and often double encores following the rendering of each selection. Without instituting comparisons be- tween this and the original organization, it can be said of the new members of the party that they perform their allotted work with a vim wholly tak- ing, and in many cases with positive merit, and the more familiar players are all as good as form- erly, no added praise being needed. F. A. Muller, the musical director, is an old acquaintance, and was remembered by his friends in front when he took his seat at the leader's desk. The Tourists re- m in two weeks longer.....The spectacle of 'En- c antment' has not drawn heavily, nor could it h ve been enchanting to the management during th second week of its run at the Globe Thea- tre, commencing Dec. 27. A change for the better is looked for at at least four performa- nces of the present week, when Salvini is to appear in 'Othello' Jan. 3 and matinee 4, 'Hamlet' 5, and 'La Morte Civile' 7, 'French Flats' being given the off-nights and Wednesday matinee. The Salvini prices have been fixed as follows: Parquet $1.50, one to two dollars for seats in the orchestra and dress circle, and fifty cents for the gallery. The prices for witnessing 'French Flats' will not be advanced over the regular standard rates.....The Guv'nor' has been played five weeks at the Boston Museum, and still the public appetite has not become cloyed; therefore it is to be contin- ued....Maggie Mitchell witnessed the performance from a private box on Saturday afternoon 26.... 'Dy Love,' a melodrama by George Fawcett Rowe, is underlined for an early production, its first on any stage..... Under date of Jan. 2, our correspondent adds: "Maggie Mitchell during her second and last week at the Park Theatre drew on the aggregate good- sized audiences, her selections comprising Jane Eyre 27, 28, 29 and 30, and Amyy in 'Little Bare- foot' the rest of the week. The new play 'The Little Mother,' written for Miss Mitchell by George F. Fuller, the ex-manager, artist, and newspaper correspondent—better known, perhaps, under the p eudonym of 'Mahlstick'—was read to the lady and her company Dec. 30, and will be placed in imme- diate rehearsal for early production during their forthcoming Western trip. Willie Edouin's Sparks Company return for week of 3, presenting their musical conceit, 'Dreams, or Fun in a Photograph Gallery,' with (perhaps) Rachel Sanger in the role hitherto taken by Alice Atherton, who for family reasons is forced to retire for a while. The Madi- son-square Theatre Company in 'Hazel Kirke' open 10. The usually brilliantly lighted entrance to this theatre was enveloped in almost total dark- ness the early part of the week, owing to the intense cold checking the flow of gas through the pipes.....Joseph Proctor opened the dramatic New-Year at the Boston Theatre evening of 1 with a performance of the Jibbenainosay in 'Nick of the Woods' before a fair-sized audience, at a scale of prices considerably lower than usually prevails here. The support was given by Annie E. Proctor as Telie Doe, and the regu- lar company of the establishment.....Signor Salvini arrived in town afternoon of Jan. 1, and was immediately driven to the Tremont House, where he will be quartered while in the city. The early part of that evening he occupied the man- ager's box at the Globe Theatre, in company with Mr. Stetson and C. A. Chizzola, and later was given a reception at his hotel, where he met, by invita- tion of his manager, many of our local scribes and several of the attaches of the Globe Theatre and Mapleson's Opera Company. After a banquet his health was proposed, to which he replied through his interpreter, Mr. Chizzola, saying, among other things, that this was a celebration of his forty-sev- enth birthday. The Cadet Band furnished music for the occasion.....Hoey & Hardie's 'Child of the State' Combination commence at the Globe The- atre 24, Mrs. Scott Siddons 31, and Madame Janau- schek appears in April.....The third annual benefit of Boston Lodge, No. 10, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, occurs at the Boston Theatre afternoon of 6. The programme has not as yet been entirely made up, but the following are among those who will appear: Mlle. Anna de Belocca, Mme. Marie Louise Swift, Signor Lazza- rini, Signor Del Puente, and Signor Ravelli of Mapleson's Italian-opera Company, the Globe Theatre company, Willie Edouin's Sparks com- pany, Smith & Mestayer's Tourists, Lavitt's Specialty Company, the Christy Minstrels, the com- panies of the Novelty Theatre and Boylston Museum, Brown's Brigade Band, Spaulding's Bellringers, and others yet to be announced. All of the above artists volunteer with the consent and co-operation of the various city managers, and the attendance promises to rival that of the two previ- ous years.....W. H. Whitenect, late business-man- ager of T. E. Hallock's French-opera Company, and John J. Sullivan, the actor, have been seen in Boston the past week.....W. E. Sheridan plays a star engagement in this city next month....Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin may produce Wills' drama 'William and Susan' at the Boston Museum in May.....Alfred Selwyn, lately a member of the company attached to the Criterion Theatre, Min- neapolis, which disbanded New-Year's Day, soon comes home again to this city.....Imogene the actress or, as she is better known in this city, Mrs. John A. Woodward, lost and recovered at the Old Colony depot a bag containing money and jewelry to the value of five hundred dollars."..... John R. Schoeffel, co-manager of the Park Theatre, has been in the city during the past week.....The old Freewill Baptist Church in South Boston has been bought by Horace Smith, who proposes alter- ing it into a hall, with stage suitable for dramatic performances.....Parker Memorial Hall will be relinquished and sold by the present society March 1. Isaac B. Rich, the ex-manager, will become the purchaser, giving for the property $75,000."

EFFIE SARGENT, who will be remembered by the older generation of theatre-goers as a dramatist of no mean ability, died at his residence in Bosfon (Mass.) Highlands Dec. 30 from a cancer on his tongue, from which he had suffered for upwards of a year. He was born in Gloucester, Mass., Sept. 27, 1812, and served on several of the Bos- ton dailies as writer and in an editorial capacity, his first dramatic essay being a five-act play called "The Bride of Genoa," produced at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, in 1836, with the famous Jo- sephine Clifton in the leading role. In the following year he wrote for Mrs. Charles Kean—then Ellen Tree—the tragedy of "Velasco," and continued with "Change Makes Change," a comedy produced at the Park Theatre, and "The Priciess," de- rived from Bellini's opera of "Norma," brought out by Thomas Barry at the present Boston The- atre March 21, 1855, where it was played by Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne, and afterwards by Mrs. Hudson Kirby twelve times that season. He was also author of the popular nautical song "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and for a time edited *The Modern Standard Drama*. The latter years of his life he devoted in a measure to the cause of Spiritualism, in which he was a firm believer. His funeral took place from his late residence afternoon of Jan. 2.

IN CHICAGO, ILL., the polar wave interfered with the business at all the theatres. Herrmann con- tinued at McVicker's. Maud Granger in "Two Nights in Rome" opens Jan. 3.....The "New Evangeline" at Haverly's is to be followed by "The Galley Slave."..... Jarrett's "Cinderella" has pleased the audiences at the Grand Opera-house, Jan. 3, the Corinne Merrymakers present "The Magic Slipper," F. S. Chanfrau and Henrietta Chan- frau open 10....."Fun on the Bristol" at Hooley's gives place to N. C. Goodwin's Folly Theatre, Philadelphia, Jan. 1. The repertory for the last week included "The Grand Duchess," "Genevieve De Brabant," "Chimes of Normandy," "Orfano Angot's Daughter," and "Chilperic." The com- pany is the weakest Soldene ever had in this coun- try. "Voyagers in Southern Seas" will be pro- duced for the first time in Philadelphia Jan. 3.

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DALY'S THEATRE. Every night at 8. NINTH WEEK and LAST WEEK but one of NEEDLES AND PINS. MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2. TUESDAY NIGHT, January 18, Mr. Daly will produce for the first time the new Musical and Spectacular Comedy entitled ZANINA, or THE ROVER OF CAMBAYE, in which the Nautch Dancers and Native Jugglers from Hindostan will appear. 42-1t

HAVERLY'S 14TH-ST. THEATRE. J. H. HAVERLY.....Proprietor and Manager. MONDAY, JAN. 3, limited engagement of SALSBURY'S TROUBADOURS in their own Laughable Musical Extravaganza entitled THE BROOK. THE BROOK. THE BROOK. MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY. 42-1t

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Eighth avenue and Twenty-third street. POOLE & DONNELLY.....Lessees and Managers Reserved Seats (Orchestra Circle and Balcony), 50c. LAST WEEK OF MR. AND MRS. McKEE RANKIN MR. AND MRS. McKEE RANKIN IN THE DANITES. MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. [42-1t Monday next—GUS WILLIAMS, Our German Senator.

STANDARD THEATRE, BROADWAY AND 33D STREET. WM. HENDERSON.....Proprietor and Manager THIRD WEEK OF Bartley Campbell's latest and greatest triumph, MY GERALDINE. MY GERALDINE, a romantic love-story in five acts, with a superb cast. NEW AND ELEGANT SCENERY. SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2. 42-1t

HAVERLY'S FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE, Twenty-eighth street and Broadway. J. H. HAVERLY.....Proprietor and Manager Positively last week of MARY ANDERSON JON. MONDAY EVENING, production of Tallourd's grand tragedy in five acts entitled JON. MISS ANDERSON AS JON, JON. Supported by Wilmer Walcott and her own company. MONDAY, JAN. 10, FREDERICK PAULDING. [1t

ABBEY'S (NEW) PARK THEATRE. THIRD WEEK AND GRAND SUCCESS OF THE TRAGEDIAN LAWRENCE BARRETT, LAWRENCE BARRETT, IN "YORICK'S LOVE." "A rare work."—TIMES. "Excites attention and the highest admiration."—TRIBUNE. "A positive dramatic sensation."—HERALD. MATINEE SATURDAY. 42-1t

BOOTH'S THEATRE. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK, with MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAYS at 2. Wondrous spectacular production of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. Immense cast. Ever seen on any stage. 300 colored people. ADMISSION, FIFTY CENTS. Orchestra Stalls, $1.50; Orchestra Circle, $1; Front Balcony, $1; Front Dress Circle, 75 cents. FAMILY CIRCLE, 25 CENTS. 42-1t

MADISON-SQUARE THEATRE. Every evening at 8.30. Saturday Matinee at 2. HAZEL KIRKE. 12TH MONTH. HAZEL KIRKE HAZEL KIRKE. HAZEL KIRKE HAZEL KIRKE. 12TH MONTH. HAZEL KIRKE HAZEL KIRKE. HAZEL KIRKE HAZEL KIRKE. 12TH MONTH. HAZEL KIRKE HAZEL KIRKE. [42-1t] HAZEL KIRKE.

HAVERLY'S 8IBLO'S GARDEN THEATRE. LAST WEEK.....ABBEY'S LAST TWO MATINEES LAST WEEK, MAMMOTH LAST TWO MATINEES LAST WEEK, HUMPTY LAST TWO MATINEES LAST WEEK, DUTCH LAST TWO MATINEES 2 Clowns, 2. The Only 2. The Great 2 Clowns, 2. JAS S. MAFFITT AND ROBERT FRASER. MONDAY, JAN. 10, Kirby Brothers. Surpassing all former displays. BLACK VENUS effort 42-1t

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS. THE BEST BILL OF THE SEASON. PROF. PARKER'S Wonderful Mastodon DOG-CIRCUS, all species. Funny clown-dog. Leaping-hound Nelgier. First week of Frank Dumont's new piece A HOT NIGHT IN THE CITY, with new scenes of Brooklyn Heights and New York. Great success of the Italian Tragedian SALVINI BACKUS AS OTHELLO. Seats secured. Matinee Saturday at 2. 42-1t*

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE, 585 AND 587 BROADWAY. ELECTRIC AND POSITIVE SUCCESS. ROARS OF LAUGHTER. THE PEOPLE SCREAMING AT THE FUN. TONY PASTOR'S LATEST BURLESQUE PLAY, PASTOR'S EVENING PARTY, OR FUN AMONG THE ACTORS. ON FOR THE 200TH TIME. Full or Funny Situations, Songs, Dances and Choruses. TONY PASTOR. TONY PASTOR. RETURN OF THE POPULAR FAVORITES. MISS ELLA WESNER. MISS ELLA WESNER. BRYANT AND HOEY. SHERHAN AND JONES. THE BARNES AND CARLTON FAMILY. MISS ALICE BATEMAN AND WILLIS PICKERT. LILLIAN RUSSELL AND FLORENCE MERTON. 2 O'CLOCK MATINEE EVERY FRIDAY. BEST SHOW ON EARTH THIS WEEK. 42-1t

THEATRE COMIQUE, 514 BROADWAY. HARRIGAN & HART.....Proprietors JOHN E. CANNON.....Business Manager During the week Messrs. HARRIGAN & HART respectfully announce the production of Mr. Edward Har- rigan's new play entitled VOLUME 7th: OF THE MULLIGAN-GUARD SERIES, THE MULLIGAN GUARD'S NOMINEE. THE MULLIGAN GUARD'S NOMINEE. Mr. EDWARD HARRIGAN as.....DAN MULLIGAN Mr. TONY HART as.....MRS. REBECCA MULLIGAN Fresh and sparkling music, composed expressly for the play by the popular director and composer Mr. Dave Braham. New and elaborate scenery by Mr. Chas. W. Witham. Novel mechanical effects by Mr. Robert Cutler. THE MULLIGAN GUARD will muster and parade in new and beautiful uniforms. MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. 42-1t

DICK PARKER'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Between 30th and 31st streets, Third avenue, New York City. MATINEES TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY. First-class artists wishing engagements, apply at once. 37-1t tf DICK PARKER, Proprietor and Manager.

HARRY MINER'S NEW THEATRE, Nos. 165, 167 and 169 Bowery, New York. Specialty Artists, Living Curiosities and Novelties of all Descriptions, address HARRY MINER. 23-1t-tf Sole Proprietor and Manager.

VOLKS' VARIETY AND NOVELTY THEATRE, 190, 201 BOWERY. MRS. PAUL FALK.....Sole Proprietress MATINEES THURSDAY AND SATURDAY. Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert Every Sunday Evening. 29-1t-tf

BERRY'S BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway, cor. Fourth street, Williamsburg, N. Y. Mon- day, Jan. 3, 1881, Miss Rose Lisle from Wallack's Theatre, New York, in "Forgiven," Dick Sands, Clar- ence, George Garland and Cherrie Chapman. They are to perform in Cochituate, Mass., Jan. 3, South- boro 4, Berlin 5, Oakdale 6, Leicester 7, Rochdale 8.

BENNETT & MOULTON'S JUVENILE OPERA COMPANY sing in Athol, Mass., Jan. 3, Baldwinsville 4, Gard- ner 5, New Bedford 6, 7, 8.

MAJOR ALFRED LITTLE, a well-known composer and musician, died recently in Weekin, N. H.

THE BURLESQUE OPERA of "Cinderella," with Ida Mulle and O. E. Jenkins in the leading roles, is to again be given under the direction of E. J. Dooley in St. Joseph's Hall, Somerville, Mass., Jan. 3 and 4.

EMILY SOLDENE and her English Comic-opera Company closed a fairly successful two-weeks' engagement at the Chestnut-street Opera-house, Philadelphia, Jan. 1. The repertory for the last week included "The Grand Duchess," "Genevieve De Brabant," "Chimes of Normandy," "Orfano Angot's Daughter," and "Chilperic." The com- pany is the weakest Soldene ever had in this coun- try. "Voyagers in Southern Seas" will be pro- duced for the first time in Philadelphia Jan. 3.

A SEASON OF GERMAN OPERA has been inaugu- rated at Concordia Hall, Philadelphia, under the management of Robert Tagg, for several years lessee of the Mannerchor Garden. Offenbach's "Der Verlobung bei der Laterne" was the piece performed New-Year's week.

FAIRBANKS & COLE, manufacturers and teachers of the banjo, reply to S. S. Stewart's letter of last week in regard to a competition to determine the rank of their respective makes of banjos.

GEORGIE DEAN SPAULDING, harp and cornet soloist, is to play in Dorchester, Mass., Jan. 5, as- sisted by Miss Elsie Stratton, elocutionist, and other artists.

A COMPANY of fairly-clever negro-hymn singers, styled the "University Singers of New Orleans," are working the churches in Troy and towns along the lines of railroads north.

AT THE BROOKLYN ATHENÆUM Charles E. Per- fine's Juvenile Opera Company produced "Cinder- ella" Dec. 27. The performance was a very credit- able one, and was repeated every afternoon and evening during the remainder of the week. The opera will run another week.....The first re- hearsal for the third Philharmonic concert will be given Jan. 7 at the Academy of Music. Joseffy will play.

THERESA CARRENO, Jenny Busk, Christian Fritsch and Louis Blumenberg appeared in concert at Abner's Music Hall, Washington, D. C., Dec. 27, 28. .....The Kate Thayer Concert Company and Cur- tis's Spanish Students appeared in concert Dec. 30, 31, and Jan. 1, attracting full houses.

BUSINESS REMAINS good with the Oakes Bros.' Company. They were obliged to leave E. S. Thomas behind very sick at Wabasha, Minn., Dec. 20, but he is now recovering.

THE PROVIDENCE POLICE ASSOCIATION, for their annual benefit Dec. 28, presented "Pinafore," with a cast comprising most of the Park Garden com- pany of last season. The house was crowded, and a handsome profit realized.

ALICE OATES wants it understood that she is in no way connected with Chas. R. Gardiner's Com- pany entitled "Long Branch," and elsewhere pub- lishes a card pertinent to the subject.

MISS HELENE LEROUX of Grau's French Opera- bouffe Company, while singing in "Mignon" in Havana, Cuba, Dec. 22, was presented with a gold- tipped tortoise-shell staff for use in that opera. The season closed 27. "The Brigands" being sung for the benefit of M. Nigri.

THE ARIONS, bellringers, are to perform in As- toria, Ill., Jan. 3; Virginia 4, Ashland 5, Taluia 6, Petersburg 7, Greenview 8, Delevan 10, Kopedale 11, Atlanta 12, McLean 13.

A LIST OF BLAND'S popular end-songs, also of new pathetic and serio-comic songs, is published in Hitchcock's music-store advertisement in another column.

UNDER the management of T. B. Pugh, Col. J. H. Mapleson's "Her Majesty's English-opera Com- pany" will begin a short season at the Philadel- phia Academy of Music Jan. 10.

SHAFFER'S SWISS BELLRINGERS are to ring their chimes in Cochituate, Mass., Jan. 3, Hopkinton 4, Berlin 5, Oakdale 6, Leicester 7, Rochdale 8. Geo. H. Nye, leader of orchestra and brass band, and Edward E. Clarence, baritone-vocalist and piccolo- soloist, joined Dec. 27.

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Louisville, Ky., the Bos- ton Ideal-opera Company sang three nights and a matinee, closing Jan. 1, in "Fatinitza," "Chimes of Normandy" "Bohemian Girl," and "Pinafore," to large audiences. Booked: Rice's Bijou - opera Company 3, for one week.

Continued on page 331.

THE WORLD'S OWN ARTISTS, THE FORRESTS, NOLA AND BILLY, THE ONLY LADY AND GENTLEMAN IN THE PROFESSION DOING AN ACROBATIC CLOG, MISS NOLA executing some of the most difficult tricks with Clogs on in time to music.

NOTICE TO MANAGERS! Why We Advertise the Act.

After practicing hard for months we have at last succeeded in accomplishing this act. It is our own original idea. We copy no one, as we do not make that a practice, therefore we wish to have the CREDIT that is due to us after working hard for it. ☞ Read what managers and professionals who have seen the act say:

CARD.—We, the undersigned, can safely say that THE FORREST SISTERS—MISS NOLA AND BILLY—have accomplished one of the greatest acts now before the public. They are the FIRST and only Lady and Gentleman in the profession doing the above act. First-class Managers will do well by engaging them. They are one of the best cards I have ever had in my house, as their act is a NOVELTY. THIS CARD IS GIVEN ONLY THROUGH THE MERITS OF THE ACT.

W. M. NUTTALL, Proprietor. FRANK ENZENSPERGER, Business-manager. ED. HALEY, Stage-manager. } Grand Central Theatre, Leadville, Colorado.

JAMES LE CLAIR, SID. C. FRANCE, T. C. HOWARD, First-class Managers, address GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Leadville, Col. [42-1t* ED. P. SULLIVAN, PADDY HUGHES, BOYD AND WADE, ALICE SOMERS.

4,300 MILES IN 30 DAYS, OR, MAKING THREE STOPS, ON AN AVERAGE OF 1,433 A JUMP, FARE ALONE NEARLY $200. SALARY TO CORRESPOND.

NEW ORLEANS Dec. 6, for CHARLES O. WHITE. Dec. 14, GALVESTON, TEXAS, TREMONT OPERA-HOUSE, for GEO. STONE, one week. COLISEUM, DETROIT, CHAS. O. WHITE, one week. Specially engaged by CHAS. MUSSEY of ST. LOUIS as an EX- TRA ATTRACTION for his annual first-class tournament third week in January. Will give an exhibition at my own room, WINDSOR HOTEL, JERSEY CITY, JAN. 6. Friends are invited to help split the watermelon.

WINDSOR HOTEL BILLIARD-ROOM YANK ADAMS, Proprietor.

N. B.—MANAGERS, ADDRESS AS ABOVE, or R. FITZGERALD, 255 Bowery, New York. 42-1t*

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The Strongest Juvenile Company ever organized. Magnificent Cos- tumes, Beautiful Living Ponies, Properties and Appointments Perfect, Fully and Completely Equipped. Second to None. DOLLY DE LISLE, the original juvenile "Buttercup" in H. M. S. PINAFORE, late "Buttercup" in Haverly's Juvenile Company; EMMA HANLEY, late Admiral with Haverly's Juvenile Company; LISLE LEIGH, late with New York Juve- nile-opera Company; DAISY OAKLEY, late of New York Aquarium Juvenile-opera Company; MARIETTA GRANDIN; ANNIE BLANCKE; MASTER WILLIE OAKLEY, the children; and MASTER JACK, the boy vocalist, and a SUPERB BALLET. A GRAND SUCCESS. The strongest matinee attraction ever presented to the public. READ! READ! * * * Chas. E. Perine's American Juvenile Company gave an excellent representation of "Cinderella" before a highly delighted audience. * * * A large assemblage of fairies, gnomes, imps and royal guards in gay attire lent enchantment to the scene, and gladdened the young bright-eyed people in the audience. —NEW YORK HERALD, Dec. 28. * * * Chas. E. Perine's American Juvenile Company are presenting the musical fairy play of "Cinderella" at the Athenæum in Jersey City under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. The company is undoubtedly one of the best ever organized.—BROOKLYN EAGLE, Dec. 28. Managers of first-class theatres wishing to play this company at matinees or evenings will address C. E. PERINE, Brooklyn Athenæum, until the 10th, or SIMMONDS & BROWN. 42-1t*

WANTED, CIRCUS TALENT BY ORRIN BROS & CO.

FOR MEXICO AND HAVANA, leaving New York Jan. 15, 1881. Good engagements of two to four months. ORRIN BROS., Ashland House, New York. N. B.—State lowest terms and all particulars. Inclose no stamp. A week's silence a polite negative. IMPORTANT.—Those who have arranged for the next tenting season can easily fulfill a profitable en- gagement in Mexico and Havana, and have their return guaranteed in time for the opening of the season here. 42-1t

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WILL SELL FOR CASH OR EXCHANGE FOR STOCK, $15 EACH: A. T. MIARS, Bowers Hill, Va. 41-2t*

GEO. H. IRVIN, ENDMAN, STUMP-ORATOR and COMEDIAN with first-class performing Manikins, can be engaged with a traveling party, or would take a partner with $100 with my own show. No budger; hard worker. Address GEO. H. IRVIN, 42-1t* Haverhill, Mass.

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NEW SONGS. "Over the Garden Wall," "O Fred, Tell Them to Stop," "Lardy Da," "Up at Jones' Wooda," "Muldoon Tread," 10c. each. Send for catalogue. HARDING'S, 329 Bowery. 42-1t*

ELKS' MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.—The Annual Meeting of the above Asso- ciation will be held at the rooms of New York Lodge, No. 1, B. P. O. E., Nos. 115 and 117 West Twenty-third street, city of New York, ON SUNDAY, Jan. 30, at six o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing Five Directors in place of Henry P. O'Neil, Col. T. Allston Brown, Wm. D. Bishop, Barney Williams, Sanderson and Joseph K. Waring, whose terms of office expire. The poll will be opened at half-past six and close at seven o'clock. Other important business will be transacted. By order of the Board of Directors. HENRY P. O'NEIL, President. 42 1t JOS. H. WARING, Secretary.

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
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CLIPPER ALMANAC

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	Page
ILLUSTRATIONS.	
Frontispiece—A Vision	1
Feeding the Birds	60
My Yankee Queen	15
ASTRONOMICAL—Eclipses, Eras and Cycles, Movable Feasts, etc., etc	2
Advertisements	61 to 72
A Vision—Poem	1
AMATEUR ATHLETICS—American Amateur.	
Champion Athletes	24
English Amateur Champion Athletes	24
Winners of American Intercollegiate Athletic Sports	25
Canadian Amateur Champion Athletes	26
Oxford vs. Cambridge Sports	26
AMATEUR DEFINITIONS	26
AQUATIC PERFORMANCES—International.	
Match Races	16
American Sculling Championship	16
English Sculling Championship	16
Sculling Races in Australia	16
Centennial International Regatta	17
Harvard and Yale Universities	17
Boston City Regatta	17
National Amateur Association	18
Harlem Regatta Association	18
Schuylkill Navy Regatta	18
Northwestern A. B. A. Regatta	19
Metropolitan Am. R. Association	19
Hudson Am. R. Association	20
Mississippi Valley A. R. Association	20
Empire City Regatta	20
Lake George Regatta	20
Oxford and Cambridge Universities	20
Anglo-American Regattas	21
Averages of Human Life	59
BASEBALL.—The League	40
Individual Batting and Fielding Averages	40
Noteworthy Contests	41
Big Batting	42
Remarkable Pitching Performances	42
Fielding Feats	42
Casualties	42
Obituary	42
CALENDS	3 to 7
Carrying Trade of the United States	59
Change of Style	59
Champagne	59
Coin in Circulation	59
Coinage	22
Consumption of Food	38
Cost of the War	27
Distances in New York City	34
Exports and Imports of the United States	59
FASTEST RECORDED TIME, ETC.—The Turf	46
Rowing	47
Pedestrianism	47 to 52
Go-as-you-please	52
Bicycling	53
Jumping	54
Fire Engines, Hose Companies, etc	54
Swimming	55
Railing	55
Rifle-shooting	56
Heavy-weight Performances	56
Pigeon and Glass-ball Shooting	56
Ocean Steamships	57
Prize-fighting	57
Skating	57
River Steamers	58
Sailing Vessels	58
Billiard-playing	58
Yachting	58
Snow-shoe Racing	58
Ratting	58
Feeding the Birds—Poem	60
Foreign Consuls in New York	39
Frost in Havana	39
Heavy Stones	39
Hero of Ragabout Alley—Poem	23
Immigrants	59
INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCHES—America vs. Ireland	27
The Centennial Trophy	27
America vs. Great Britain	27
Internal Revenue	34
Life-saving Service	22
Mail Time to Prominent Cities	22
Musical Events	38
My Yankee Queen—Poem	15
National Banks	27
Notable Performances not Records	58
Origin of the Dollar-mark	23
Piers	39
Public Debt of the United States	22
Rates of Postage	21
Receipts and Expenditures of the United States Government	22
Resumption of Specie Payments	59
Six-day Competitions	24
SPORTING CHRONOLOGY	26 to 34
Statistics of Religions	27
Statistics of Population	61
THEATRICAL CHRONOLOGY	35 to 38
The Largest Ferryboat	61
Tobacco	59
Turf Directory	44 and 45
United States Patent Fees	38

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BANJO.

AN OPEN LETTER TO FAIRBANKS & COLE

NAILED.

Mr. Stewart's open letter to us is another very good sample of his ability to avoid a square issue, the first instance of which was shown in his ungentlemanly and slurring reply to our acceptance of his offer Number One, otherwise called a challenge. We then issued our

SWEEPING CHALLENGE,

in No. 40 of THE CLIPPER, which is certainly a very fair and square document to anyone who really means business, and is desirous of a full and fair competition as to the relative quality of their respective banjos. Mr. S. is altogether too desirous of having some of his friends to officiate as judges. There are many artists in the banjo fraternity who are as capable to act in that capacity as any of his personal friends.

OUR CHALLENGE

WAS FIRST AND FINAL, FAIR AND IMPARTIAL, AND BY IT WE SHALL ABIDE TO THE LETTER,

and until someone accepts it we have no time or inclination to bother with any such half-way affairs as Mr. Stewart offers, as we have more than

TWO BANJOS,

AND THEY ARE POSSESSED OF

MORE THAN ONE GOOD QUALITY

WHICH MUST BE COMPETED FOR.

As Mr. Stewart wishes to have the readers of THE CLIPPER decide how fair his offer No. 2 is, we will respectfully invite all who are not already satisfied with this controversy to read our respective cards in Nos. 37, 38, 39, 40 of THE CLIPPER, and decide for themselves who is the MOST NOBLE ROMAN OF THEM ALL.

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AND
MADGE AISTON.
Read What the Press Says:

Shed Le Clair is one of the most skillful Jap Jugglers on the stage. It would be impossible to describe his many wonderful performances; but he spins a top on the edge of a sword-blade, balances a plate on his chin, a card on the edge of that, and puts a spinning top on one corner of the card, which is made to whirl around. His other performances are as wonderful.

MISS MADGE AISTON is a charming dancer, and sings nicely. She was enthusiastically encored last night.—LOUISVILLE COMMERCIAL, Dec. 22. BIJOU THEATRE, Fort Wayne

TO SIDESHOW AND CONCERT MANAGERS.

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Gallagher and West

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"Where are the Angels, Mother?" Jewett	30
"My Darling Lady Jane," Brown	30
"My Pretty Shopgirl," Warren	30
"Dan Mulligan's Masquerade," Powers	40
"What Shall I Do?" (Forlorn) Feeny	30
"There's a Dear One Waiting for Me," Feeny	30

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